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THE BARRING OUT,

ETON MONTEM,

BEING THE SIXTH VOLUME

OF

THE PARENT'S ASSISTANT,

OR

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

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THE

BARRING OUT;

OR,

PARTY SPIRIT.

"THE mother of miſchief," ſays an old proverb, "is no bigger than a midge's wing."

At Doctor Middleton's ſchool, there was a great tall dunce of the name of Fiſher, who never could be taught how to look out a word in a dictionary. He uſed to torment every body with—"Do pray help me! I can't make out this one word."—The perſon who uſually helped him in his diſtreſs was a very clever good-natured boy, of the name of De Grey. De Grey had been many years under Dr. Middleton's care, and by his abilities and good conduct did him great credit. The Doctor certainly was both proud and fond of

him; but he was so well beloved, or so much esteemed by his companions, that nobody had ever called him by the odious name of favourite, until the arrival of a new scholar of the name of Archer.

Till Archer came, the ideas of *favourites* and *parties* were almost unknown at Dr. Middleton's; but he brought all these ideas fresh from a great public school, at which he had been educated—at which he had acquired a sufficient quantity of Greek and Latin, and a superabundant quantity of party-spirit. His aim, the moment that he came to a new school, was to get to the head of it, or at least to form the strongest party. His influence, for he was a boy of considerable abilities, was quickly felt, though he had a powerful rival, as he thought proper to call him, in De Grey; and, with *him*, a rival was always an enemy. De Grey, so far from giving

him any cauſe of hatred, treated him with a degree of cordiality, which would probably have had an effect upon Archer's mind, if it had not been for the artifices of Fiſher.

It may ſeem ſurpriſing, that a *great dunce* ſhould be able to work upon a boy like Archer, who was called a great genius; but when genius is joined to a violent temper, inſtead of being united to good ſenſe, it is at the mercy even of dunces.

Fiſher was mortally offended one morning by De Grey's refuſing to tranſlate his whole leſſon for him. He went over to Archer, who, conſidering him as a partiſan deſerting from the enemy, received him with open arms, and tranſlated his whole leſſon, without expreſſing *much* contempt for his ſtupidity. From this moment Fiſher forgot all De Grey's former kindneſs, and conſidered only how he could in his turn mortify

the perſon, whom he felt to be ſo much his ſuperior.

De Grey and Archer were now reading for a premium, which was to be given in their claſs. Fiſher betted on Archer's head, who had not ſenſe enough to deſpiſe the bet of a blockhead. On the contrary, he ſuffered him to excite the ſpirit of rivalſhip in its utmoſt fury by collecting the bets of all the ſchool.—So that this premium now became a matter of the greateſt conſequence, and Archer, inſtead of taking the means to ſecure a judgment in his favour, was liſtening to the opinions of all his companions. It was a prize which was to be won by his own exertions, but he ſuffered himſelf to conſider it as an affair of chance. The conſequence was, that he truſted to chance—his partiſans loſt their wagers, and he the premium—and his temper.

"Mr. Archer," ſaid Dr. Middleton,

after the grand affair was decided, "you have done all that genius alone could do; but you, De Grey, have done all that genius, and induſtry united, could do."

"Well!" cried Archer, with affected gayety, as ſoon as the Doctor had left the room—"Well, I'm content with *my* ſentence—Genius alone for me! induſtry for thoſe who *want* it," added he, with a ſignificant look at De Grey.

Fiſher applauded this as a very ſpirited ſpeech, and, by inſinuations, that Dr. Middleton "always gave the premium to De Grey," and that "thoſe who had loſt their bets might thank themſelves for it, for being ſuch ſimpletons as to bet againſt the favourite;" he raiſed a murmur, highly flattering to Archer, amongſt ſome of the moſt credulous boys; whilſt others loudly proclaimed their belief in Dr. Middleton's impartiality. Theſe warmly congratulated De

Grey. At this Archer grew more and more angry, and when Fiſher was proceeding to ſpeak nonſenſe *for* him, puſhed forward into the circle to De Grey, crying—" I wiſh, Mr. Fiſher, you would let me fight my own battles !"

" And *I* wiſh," ſaid young Townſend, who was fonder of diverſions than of premiums, or battles, or of any thing elſe—" *I* wiſh that we were not to have any battles; after having worked like horſes, don't ſet about to fight like dogs. Come," ſaid he, tapping De Grey's ſhoulder, " let us ſee your new play-houſe, do—It's a holiday, and let us make the moſt of it—let us have the School for Scandal, do, and I'll play Charles for you, and you, De Grey, ſhall be *my little Premium*.—Come, do open this new play-houſe of yours tonight "

" Come then !" ſaid De Grey, and he ran acroſs the play-ground to a waſte

building, at the farthest end of it, in which, at the earnest request of the whole community, and with the permission of Dr. Middleton, he had with much pains and ingenuity erected a theatre.

"The new theatre is going to be opened! Follow the Manager! Follow the Manager!" echoed a multitude of voices.

"*Follow the Manager!*" echoed very disagreeably in Archer's ear; but as he could not be *left alone*, he was also obliged to follow the Manager. The moment that the door was unlocked, the crowd rushed in; the delight and wonder expressed at the sight was great, and the applauses and thanks which were bestowed upon the Manager were long and loud.

Archer at least thought them long, for he was impatient till his voice could be heard. When at length the excla-

mations had ſpent themſelves, he walked acroſs the ſtage with a knowing air, and looking round contemptuouſly—

"And is *this* your famous play-houſe?" cried he. "I wiſh you had any of you ſeen the play-houſe *I* have been uſed to!"

Theſe words made a great and viſible change in the feelings and opinions of the public. "Who would be a ſervant of the public? or who would toil for popular applauſe?" — A few words ſpoken in a deciſive tone by a new voice operated as a charm, and the play-houſe was in an inſtant metamorphoſed in the eyes of the ſpectators. All gratitude for the paſt was forgotten, and the expectation of ſomething better juſtified to the capricious multitude their diſdain of what they had ſo lately pronounced to be excellent.

Every one now began to criticiſe. One obſerved, "that the green curtain

was full of holes, and would not draw up." Another attacked the ſcenes—"Scenes! they were not like real ſcenes. Archer muſt know beſt, becauſe he was uſed to theſe things."—So every body crowded to hear ſomething of the *other* play-houſe. They gathered round Archer to hear the deſcription of his play-houſe, and at every ſentence inſulting compariſons were made. When he had done, his auditors looked round—ſighed—and wiſhed that Archer had been their Manager. They turned from De Grey, as from a perſon who had done them an injury. Some of his friends—for he had friends, who were not ſwayed by the popular opinion—felt indignation at this ingratitude, and were going to expreſs their feelings, but De Grey ſtopped them, and begged that he might ſpeak for himſelf.

"Gentlemen," ſaid he, coming forward, as ſoon as he felt that he had ſufficient command of himſelf—

" My friends, I ſee you are diſcontented with me and my play-houſe. I have done my beſt to pleaſe you; but if any body elſe can pleaſe you better, I ſhall be glad of it. I did not work ſo hard for the glory of being your Manager. You have my free leave to tear down"—Here his voice faultered, but he hurried on—" You have my free leave to tear down all my work as faſt as you pleaſe.—Archer, ſhake hands firſt, however, to ſhew that there's no malice in the caſe."

Archer, who was touched by what his rival ſaid, and ſtopping the hand of his new partiſan Fiſher, cried, " No, Fiſher! no!—no pulling down. We can alter it. There is a great deal of ingenuity in it, conſidering."

In vain Archer would now have recalled the public to reaſon. The time for reaſon was paſt, enthuſiaſm had taken hold of their minds.—" Down with it!—Down with it!" " Archer for

ever!" cried Fiſher, and tore down the curtain. The riot once begun, nothing could ſtop the little mob, till the whole theatre was demoliſhed. The love of power prevailed in the mind of Archer; he was ſecretly flattered by the zeal of his *party*, and he miſtook their love of miſchief for attachment to himſelf. De Grey looked on ſuperior. "I ſaid I could bear to ſee all this, and I can," ſaid he—"now it is all over."—And now it was all over there was ſilence. The rioters ſtood ſtill to take breath, and to look at what they had done. There was a blank ſpace before them.

In this moment of ſilence there was heard ſomething like a female voice.—"Huſh!—What ſtrange voice is that?" ſaid Archer. Fiſher caught faſt hold of his arm—Every body looked round to ſee where the voice came from. It was duſk—Two window ſhutters at the fartheſt end of the building were ſeen to

move ſlowly inwards. De Grey, and in the ſame inſtant Archer, went forward; and as the ſhutters opened, there appeared through the hole the dark face and ſhrivelled hands of a very old gipſy. She did not ſpeak; but ſhe looked firſt at one, and then at another. At length ſhe fixed her eyes upon De Grey—"Well, my good woman, what do you want with me?"

"Want!—nothing—with *you*," ſaid the old woman; "do you want nothing with *me?*"

"Nothing," ſaid De Grey. Her eye immediately turned upon Archer—"*You* want ſomething with me," ſaid ſhe with emphaſis—"I!—What do I want!" replied Archer—"No," ſaid ſhe, changing her tone, "you want nothing—nothing will you ever want, or I am much miſtaken in that *face*."

In that *watch-chain*, ſhe ſhould have ſaid, for her quick eye had eſpied Ar-

cher's watch-chain. He was the only perſon in company who had a watch, and ſhe therefore judged him to be the richeſt.

"Had you ever your fortune told, ſir, in your life?"

"Not I!" ſaid he, looking at De Grey, as if he was afraid of his ridicule, if he liſtened to the gipſy.

"Not you!—no!—for you will make your own fortune, and the fortune of all that belong to you!"

"There's good news for my friends!" cried Archer—"And I'm one of them, remember that," cried Fiſher.—"And I"—"And I"—joined a number of voices.

"Good luck to them!" cried the gipſy, "good luck to them all!"

Then as ſoon as they had acquired ſufficient confidence in her good-will, they preſſed up to the window—"There," cried Townſen!, as he

chanced to ſtumble over the carpenter's mitre-box, which ſtood in the way—"There's a good omen for me. I've ſtumbled on the mitre-box; I ſhall certainly be a Biſhop."

Happy he who had ſixpence, for he bid fair to be a Judge upon the Bench. And happier he who had a ſhilling, for he was in the high road to be one day upon the woolſack, Lord High Chancellor of England. No one had half a crown, or no one would ſurely have kept it in his pocket upon ſuch an occaſion, for he might have been an Archbiſhop, a King, or what he pleaſed.

Fiſher, who like all weak people was extremely credulous, had kept his poſt immoveable in the front row all the time, his mouth open, and his ſtupid eyes fixed upon the gipſy, in whom he felt implicit faith.

Thoſe, who have leaſt confidence in

their own powers, and who have leaſt expectation from the ſucceſs of their own exertions, are always moſt diſpoſed to truſt in fortune-tellers and fortune. They hope to *win*, when they cannot *earn*; and as they can never be convinced by thoſe who ſpeak ſenſe, it is no wonder they are always perſuaded by thoſe who talk nonſenſe.

" I have a queſtion to put," ſaid Fiſher in a ſolemn tone.

" Put it then," ſaid Archer, " what hinders you?"

" But they will hear me," ſaid he, looking ſuſpiciouſly at De Grey.

" *I* ſhall not hear you," ſaid De Grey, " I am going." Every body elſe drew back, and left him to whiſper his queſtion in the gipſy's ear.

" What is become of my Livy?"

" Your *ſiſter* Livy, do you mean?" ſaid the gipſy.

" No; my *Latin* Livy."

The gipſy pauſed for further information—" It had a leaf torn out in the beginning, and *I hate Dr. Middleton*"—

" Written in it," interrupted the gipſy—

" Right—the very book!" cried Fiſher with joy. " But how *could* you know it was Dr. Middleton's name? I thought I had ſcratched it, ſo that nobody could make it out."

" Nobody *could* make it out but *me*," replied the gipſy. " But never think to deceive me," ſaid ſhe, ſhaking her head at him in a manner that made him tremble.

" I don't deceive you indeed. I tell you the whole truth. I loſt it a week ago."

" True."

" And when ſhall I find it?"

" Meet me here at this hour to-morrow evening, and I will anſwer you—

No more!—I muſt be gone—Not a word more to-night."

She pulled the ſhutters towards her, and left the youth in darkneſs. All his companions were gone. He had been ſo deeply engaged in this conference, that he had not perceived their departure. He found all the world at ſupper, but no entreaties could prevail upon him to diſcloſe his ſecret. Townſend rallied in vain. As for Archer, he was not diſpoſed to deſtroy by ridicule the effect, which he ſaw that the old woman's predictions in his favour had had upon the imagination of many of his little partiſans. He had privately ſlipped two ſhillings into the gipſy's hand to ſecure her; for he was willing to pay any price for *any* means of acquiring power.

The watch-chain had not deceived the gipſy, for Archer was the richeſt perſon in the community. His friends

had imprudently ſupplied him with more money, than is uſually truſted to boys of his age. Doctor Middleton had refuſed to give him a larger monthly allowance than the reſt of his companions; but he brought to ſchool with him ſecretly the ſum of five guineas. This appeared to his friends and to himſelf an inexhauſtible treaſure.

Riches and talents would, he flattered himſelf, ſecure to him that aſcendancy, of which he was ſo ambitious. "Am I your Manager, or not?" was now his queſtion. "I ſcorn to take advantage of a haſty moment, but ſince laſt night you have had time to conſider. If you deſire me to be your Manager, you ſhall ſee what a theatre I will make for you. In this purſe," ſaid he, ſhewing through the net-work a glimpſe of the ſhining treaſure—"in this purſe is Aladdin's wonderful lamp—Am I your Manager?—Put it to the vote."

It was put to the vote. About ten of the moſt reaſonable of the aſſembly declared their gratitude, and high approbation of their old friend De Grey; but the numbers were in favour of the new friend. And as no metaphyſical diſtinctions relative to the idea of a majority had ever entered their thoughts, the moſt numerous party conſidered themſelves as now beyond diſpute in the right. They drew off on one ſide in triumph, and their leader, who knew the conſequence of a name in party matters, immediately diſtinguiſhed his partiſans by the gallant name of *Archers*, ſtigmatiſing the friends of De Grey by the odious epithet of Greybeards.

Amongſt the Archers was a claſs, not very remarkable for their mental qualifications; but who, by their bodily activity, and by the peculiar advantages annexed to their way of life, rendered themſelves of the higheſt conſe-

quence, eſpecially to the rich and enterpriſing. The judicious reader will apprehend, that I allude to the perſons called day-ſcholars. Amongſt theſe, Fiſher was diſtinguiſhed by his knowledge of all the ſtreets and ſhops in the adjacent town; and, though a dull ſcholar, he had ſuch reputation as a man of buſineſs, that whoever had commiſſions to execute at the confectioner's were ſure to apply to him. Some of the youngeſt of his employers had, it is true, at times complained, that he made miſtakes of halfpence and pence in their accounts; but as theſe affairs could never be brought to a public trial, Fiſher's character and conſequence were undiminiſhed, till the fatal day when his aunt Barbara forbad his viſits to the confectioner—or rather, till ſhe requeſted the confectioner, who had his private reaſons for obeying her, not *to receive* her nephew's viſits, as he had

made himſelf ſick at his houſe, and Mrs. Barbara's fears for his health were inceſſant.

Though his viſits to the confectioner's were thus at an end, there were many other ſhops open to him; and, with officious zeal, he offered his ſervices to the new Manager, to purchaſe whatever might be wanting for the theatre.

Since his father's death, Fiſher had become a boarder at Dr. Middleton's; but his frequent viſits to his aunt Barbara afforded him opportunities of going into the town. The carpenter, De Grey's friend, was diſcarded by Archer, for having ſaid "*lack-a-daiſy!*" when he ſaw that the old theatre was pulled down. A new carpenter and paper-hanger, recommended by Fiſher, were appointed to attend, with their tools, for orders at two o'clock. Archer, impatient to ſhew his ingenuity

and his generoſity, gave his plan and his orders in a few minutes, in a moſt decided manner.—" Theſe things," he obſerved, " ſhould be done with ſome ſpirit."

To which the carpenter readily aſſented, and added, that " Gentlemen of ſpirit never looked to the *expenſe*, but always to the *effect*." Upon this principle Mr. Chip ſet to work with all poſſible alacrity. In a few hours time he promiſed to produce a grand effect. High expectations were formed—nothing was talked of but the new playhouſe; and ſo intent upon it was every head, that no leſſons could be got. Archer was obliged, in the midſt of his various occupations, to perform the part of grammar and dictionary for twenty different people.

" Oh, ye Athenians!" he exclaimed, " how hard do I work to obtain your praiſe!"

Impatient to return to the theatre, the moment the hours deſtined for inſtruction, or, as they are termed by ſchool-boys, ſchool-hours, were over, each priſoner ſtarted up with a ſhout of joy.

" Stop one moment, gentlemen, if you pleaſe," ſaid Dr. Middleton, in an awful voice. " Mr. Archer, return to your place—Are you all here?"—The names of all the boys were called over, and when each had anſwered to his name, Dr. Middleton ſaid,

" Gentlemen, I am ſorry to interrupt your amuſements; but, till you have contrary orders from me, no one, on pain of my ſerious diſpleaſure, muſt go into *that* building,"(pointing to the place where the theatre was erecting)—" Mr. Archer, your carpenter is at the door, you will be ſo good as to diſmiſs him—I do not think proper to give my reaſons for theſe orders; but you who

know me," ſaid the doctor, and his eye turned towards De Grey, " will not ſuſpect me of caprice—I depend, gentlemen, upon your obedience."

To the dead ſilence, with which theſe orders were received, ſucceeded in a few minutes an univerſal groan—" So!" ſaid Townſend, " all our diverſion is over."—" So," whiſpered Fiſher in the Manager's ear, " this is ſome trick of the Greybeards, did you not obſerve how he looked at De Grey?"—Fired by this idea, which had never entered his mind before, Archer ſtarted from his reverie, and ſtriking his hand upon the table, ſwore, that he would not be outwitted by any Greybeard in Europe. —No, nor by all of them put together. The Archers were ſurely a match for them—he would ſtand by them, if they would ſtand by him," he declared with a loud voice, " againſt the whole world, and Dr. Middleton himſelf, with *little Premium* at his right hand."

Every body admired Archer's ſpirit, but were a little appalled at the ſound of ſtanding againſt Dr. Middleton.

"Why not?" reſumed the indignant Manager, "Neither Dr. Middleton, nor any doctor upon earth, ſhall treat me with injuſtice. This, you ſee, is a ſtroke at me and my party, and I won't bear it."

"O, you are miſtaken!" ſaid De Grey, who was the only one, who dared to oppoſe reaſon to the angry orator—"It cannot be a ſtroke aimed at you and your party, for he does not know that you *have* a party."

"I'll make him know it, and I'll make *you* know it too," ſaid Archer; "before I came here, you reigned alone, now your reign is over, Mr. De Grey. Remember my majority this morning, and your theatre laſt night."

"He has remembered it," ſaid Fiſher; "you ſee, the moment he was not to

be our Manager, we were to have no theatre—no play-houſe—no plays. We muſt all ſit down with our hands before us—all for '*good reaſons*' of Dr. Middleton's, which he does not vouchſafe to tell us."

"I won't be governed by any man's reaſons, that he won't tell me," cried Archer; "he cannot have good reaſons, or why not tell them."

"Nonſenſe! *we ſhall not ſuſpect him of caprice!*"

"Why not?"

"Becauſe we, who know him," ſaid De Grey, "have never known him capricious."

"Perhaps not, *I* know nothing about him," ſaid Archer.

"No," ſaid De Grey; "for that very reaſon *I* ſpeak, who do know him. —Don't be in a paſſion, Archer."

"I will be in a paſſion—I won't ſubmit to tyranny—I won't be made a

fool of by a few ſoft words.—You don't know me, De Grey—I'll go through with what I've begun—I am Manager, and I will be Manager, and you ſhall ſee my theatre finiſhed in ſpite of you, and *my* party triumphant."

"Party," repeated De Grey—"I cannot imagine what is in the word 'party,' that ſeems to drive you mad. We never heard of parties till you came amongſt us."

"No; before I came, I ſay, nobody dared oppoſe you, but *I* dare; and I tell you to your face—take care of me—a warm friend and a bitter enemy, is my motto."

"I am not your enemy!—I believe you are out of your ſenſes, Archer!" ſaid he laughing.

"Out of my ſenſes!—No—you are my enemy!—Are not you my rival?—Did not you win the premium?—Did not you want to be Manager?—Anſwer

me, are not you, in one word, a Greybeard?"

"You called me a Greybeard, but my name is De Grey," ſaid he, ſtill laughing.

"Laugh on!" cried the other furiouſly. "Come, *Archers*, follow me! —*we* ſhall laugh by and by, I promiſe you."

At the door Archer was ſtopped by Mr. Chip—"O, Mr. Chip, I am ordered to diſcharge you."

"Yes, ſir; and here is a little bill—"

"Bill, Mr. Chip!—why, you have not been at work for two hours!"

"Not much over, ſir; but if you'll pleaſe to look into it, you'll ſee it's for a few things you ordered. The ſtuff is all laid out and delivered. The paper, and the feſtoon-bordering for the drawing-room ſcene is cut out, and left y*a*nder, within."

"Y*a*nder, within!—I wiſh you had

not been in ſuch a confounded hurry —ſix-and-twenty ſhillings!" cried he, "but I can't ſtay to talk about it now.—I'll tell you, Mr. Chip," ſaid Archer, lowering his voice, "what you muſt do for me, my good fellow."— Then drawing Mr. Chip aſide, he begged him to pull down ſome of the wood-work which had been put up, and to cut it into a certain number of wooden bars, of which he gave him the dimenſions, with orders to place them all, when ready, under a hay-ſtack, which he pointed out. Mr. Chip ſcrupled and heſitated, and began to talk of "*the doctor.*" Archer immediately began to talk of the bill, and throwing down a guinea and a half, the conſcientious carpenter pocketed the money directly, and made his bow.

"Well, Maſter Archer," ſaid he, "there's no refuſing you nothing.—

You have ſuch a way of talking one out of it—you manage me juſt like a child."

" Aye, aye!" ſaid Archer, knowing that he had been cheated, and yet proud of managing a carpenter—" Aye, aye, I know the way to manage every body —let the things be ready in an hour's time—and hark'e! leave your tools by miſtake behind you, and a thouſand of twenty-penny nails—Aſk no queſtions, and keep your own counſel, like a wiſe man—off with you, and take care of *the doctor*."

" Archers! Archers!—To the Archer's tree follow your leader," cried he, ſounding his well known whiſtle as a ſignal.—His followers gathered round him, and he, raiſing himſelf upon the mount at the foot of the tree, counted his numbers, and then, in a voice lower than uſual, addreſſed them thus:

" My friends, is there a Greybeard

amongſt us? If there is, let him walk off now—he has my free leave."

No one ſtirred—" Then we are all Archers, and we will ſtand by one another—join hands, my friends."

They all joined hands.

" Promiſe me not to betray me, and I will go on—I aſk no ſecurity but your honour."

They all gave their honour to be ſecret and *faithful*, as he called it, and he went on—

" Did you ever hear of ſuch a thing as *a Barring out*, my friends?"

They had heard of ſuch a thing; but they had only heard of it.

Archer gave the hiſtory of a Barring-out, in which he had been concerned at his ſchool; in which the boys ſtood out two days againſt the maſter, and gained their point at laſt, which was a week's more holidays at Eaſter.

" But if *we* ſhould not ſucceed,"

ſaid they, " Dr. Middleton is ſo ſteady, he never goes back from what he has ſaid."

" Did you ever try to puſh him back? —Let us be ſteady, and he'll tremble— tyrants always tremble when——"

" O!" interrupted a number of voices, " but he is not a tyrant, is he?"

" All ſchool-maſters are tyrants, are not they?" replied Archer, " and is not he a ſchool-maſter?"

To this logic there was no anſwer; but, ſtill reluctant, they aſked " What they ſhould *get* by a Barring out?"

" Get!—Every thing!—What we want!—which is every thing to lads of ſpirit—victory and liberty!—Bar him out, till he repeals his tyrannical law— till he lets us into our own theatre again, or till he tells us his '*good reaſons*' againſt it."

" But perhaps he has reaſons for not telling us."

" Impoſſible!" cried Archer, " that's the way we are always to be governed by a man in a wig, who ſays he has good reaſons, and can't tell them—Are you fools?—Go—go back to De Grey —I ſee you are all Greybeards—Go—who goes firſt?"

Nobody would go *firſt*.

" I will have nothing to do with ye, if ye are reſolved to be ſlaves!"

" We won't be ſlaves!" they all exclaimed at once.

" Then," ſaid Archer, " ſtand out in the right and be free."

" *The right.*"—It would have taken up too much time to examine what " the right" was. Archer was always ſure, that " *the right*" was what his party choſe to do—that is, what he choſe to do himſelf; and ſuch is the influence of numbers upon each other in conquering the feelings of ſhame, and in confuſing the powers of reaſoning,

that in a few minutes "the right" was forgotten, and each ſaid to himſelf,

"To be ſure, Archer is a very clever boy, and he can't be miſtaken;"—or, "To be ſure Townſend thinks ſo, and he would not do any thing to get us into a ſcrape:"—or, "To be ſure every body will agree to this but myſelf, and I can't ſtand out alone, to be pointed at as a Greybeard and a ſlave. Every body thinks it is right, and every body can't be wrong."

By ſome of theſe arguments, which paſſed rapidly through the mind, without his being conſcious of them, each boy decided, and deceived himſelf—what none would have done alone, none ſcrupled to do as a party.

It was determined then, that there ſhould be a Barring out. The arrangement of the affair was left to their new Manager, to whom they all pledged implicit obedience.

Obedience, it ſeems, is neceſſary, even from rebels to their ringleaders —not reaſonable, but implicit obedience.

Scarcely had the aſſembly adjourned to the Ball-alley, when Fiſher, with an important length of face, came up to the Manager, and deſired to ſpeak one word to him—

"My advice to you, Archer, is, to do nothing in this till we have conſulted *you know who* about whether it's right or wrong."

"*You know who!*—Who do you mean?—Make haſte, and don't make ſo many faces, for I'm in a hurry—Who is '*You know who?*'"

"The old woman," ſaid Fiſher, gravely; "the gipſy."

"You may conſult the old woman," ſaid Archer, burſting out a laughing, "about what's right and wrong, if you

pleaſe; but no old woman ſhall decide for me."

"No; but you don't *take* me," ſaid Fiſher, "You don't *take* me. By right and wrong, I mean lucky and unlucky."

"Whatever *I* do will be lucky," replied Archer. "My gipſy told you that already."

"I know, I know," ſaid Fiſher, "and what ſhe ſaid about your friends being lucky—that went a great way with many," added he, with a ſagacious nod of his head, "I can tell you *that* —more than you think—Do you know," ſaid he, laying hold of Archer's button, "I'm in the ſecret. There are nine of us have crooked our little fingers upon it, not to ſtir a ſtep till we get her advice; and ſhe has appointed me to meet her about particular buſineſs of my own

at eight. So I'm to conſult her, and to bring her anſwer."

Archer knew too well how to govern fools, to attempt to reaſon with them; and, inſtead of laughing any longer at Fiſher's ridiculous ſuperſtition, he was determined to take advantage of it. He affected to be perſuaded of the wiſdom of the meaſure—looked at his watch, urged him to be exact to a moment, conjured him to remember exactly the words of the oracle, and, above all things, to demand the lucky hour and minute when the Barring out ſhould begin.

With theſe inſtructions, Archer put his watch into the ſolemn dupe's hand, and left him to count the ſeconds, till the moment of his appointment, whilſt he ran off himſelf to prepare the oracle. At a little gate, which looked into a lane, through which he gueſſed that the gipſy muſt paſs, he ſtationed

himſelf, ſaw her, gave her half a crown and her inſtructions, made his eſcape, and got back unſuſpected to Fiſher, whom he found in the attitude in which he had left him, watching the motion of the minute-hand.

Proud of his ſecret commiſſion, Fiſher ſlouched his hat, he knew not why, over his face, and proceeded towards the appointed ſpot. To keep, as he had been charged to do by Archer, within the letter of the law, he ſtood *behind* the forbidden building, and waited ſome minutes. Through a gap in the hedge the old woman at length made her appearance, muffled up, and looking cautiouſly about her.

"There's nobody near us!" ſaid Fiſher, and he began to be a little afraid—"What anſwer," ſaid he, recollecting himſelf, "about my Livy?"

"Loſt!—Loſt!—Loſt!" ſaid the gipſy, lifting up her hands, "never

never, never to be found!—But no matter for that now—that is not your errand to-night—no tricks with me—ſpeak to me of what is next your heart."

Fiſher, aſtoniſhed, put his hand upon his heart, told her all that ſhe knew before, and received the anſwers, which Archer had dictated—" That the Archers ſhould be lucky as long as they ſtuck to their Manager and to one another; that the Barring out ſhould end in woe, if not begun preciſely as the clock ſhould ſtrike nine on Wedneſday night; but if begun in that *lucky* moment, and all obedient to their *lucky* leader, all ſhould end well."

A thought, a provident thought, now ſtruck Fiſher; for even he had ſome foreſight, where his favourite paſſion was concerned—" Pray, in our Barring out, ſhall we be ſtarved?"

" No," ſaid the gipſy, " not if

if you truſt to me for food, and if you give me money enough—ſilver won't do for ſo many, gold is what muſt croſs my hand."

"I have no gold," ſaid Fiſher, "and I don't know what you mean by ſo many,—I'm only talking of number one, you know—I muſt take care of that firſt."

So, as Fiſher thought, that it was poſſible, that Archer, clever as he was, might be diſappointed in his ſupplies, he determined to take ſecret meaſures for himſelf. His aunt Barbara's interdiction had ſhut him out of the confectioner's ſhop, but he flattered himſelf that he could out-wit his aunt; he therefore begged the gipſy to procure him twelve buns by Thurſday morning, and bring them ſecretly to one of the windows of the ſchool-room.

As Fiſher did not produce any money when he made this propoſal, it was

at firſt abſolutely rejected; but a bribe at length conquered all difficulties; and the bribe which Fiſher found himſelf obliged to give—for he had no pocket money left of his own, he being as much *reſtricted* in that article as Archer was *indulged*—the bribe that he found himſelf obliged to give, to quiet the Gipſy, was half a crown, which Archer had entruſted to him to buy candles for the theatre.—" O," thought he to himſelf, " Archer's ſo careleſs about money, he will never think of aſking me for the half crown again; and now he'll want no candles for the *theatre*—or at any rate it will be ſome time firſt, and may be aunt Barbara may be got to give me that much at Chriſtmas—then, if the worſt comes to the worſt, I can pay Archer.—My mouth waters for the buns, and have 'em I muſt now."

So, for the hope of twelve buns, he

ſacrificed the money, which had been entruſted to him.—The meaneſt motives, in mean minds, often prompt to the commiſſion of thoſe great faults, to which, one ſhould think, nothing but ſome violent paſſion could have tempted.

The ambaſſador having thus, in his opinion, concluded his own and the public buſineſs, returned well ſatisfied with the reſult, after receiving the Gipſy's reiterated promiſe, to tap *three times* at the window on Thurſday morning.

The day appointed for the Barring-out at length arrived, and Archer, aſſembling the confederates, informed them, that all was prepared for carrying their deſign into execution; that he now depended for ſucceſs upon their punctuality and courage. He had, within the laſt two hours, got all the bars ready to faſten the doors and window ſhutters of

the ſchool-room; he had, with the aſſiſtance of two of the day ſcholars, who were of the party, ſent into the town for proviſion, at his own expence, which would make a handſome ſupper for that night; he had alſo negotiated with ſome couſins of his, who lived in the town, for a conſtant ſupply in future.

"Bleſs me," exclaimed Archer, ſuddenly ſtopping in this narration of his ſervices, "there's one thing, after all, I've forgot, we ſhall be undone without it—Fiſher, pray did you ever buy the candles for the play-houſe?"

"No, to be ſure," replied Fiſher, extremely frightened, "you know you don't want candles for the play-houſe now."

"Not for the play-houſe, but for the Barring-out—we ſhall be in the dark, man—you muſt run this minute, run."

"For candles?" ſaid Fiſher confuſed, "how many?—what ſort?"

"Stupidity!" exclaimed Archer, "you are a pretty fellow at a dead lift! —Lend me a pencil and a bit of paper, do; I'll write down what I want myſelf? —Well, what are you fumbling for?"

"For money!" ſaid Fiſher colouring.

"Money, man!" Didn't I give you half a crown the other day?"

"Yes," replied Fiſher, ſtammering; "but I wasn't ſure, that that might be enough."

"Enough! yes, to be ſure it will —I don't know what you are *at*."

"Nothing, nothing," ſaid Fiſher, "here, write upon this then," putting a piece of paper into Archer's hand, upon which Archer wrote his orders.—"Away, away!" cried he.

And away went Fiſher.—He returned; but not until a conſiderable time afterwards.

They were at ſupper when he returned.—" Fiſher always comes in at ſupper-time," obſerved one of the Greybeards, careleſsly.

" Well, and would you have him come in *after* ſupper-time," ſaid Townſend, who always ſupplied his party with ready *wit*.

" I've got the candles," whiſpered Fiſher, as he paſſed by Archer to his place.—

" And the tinder-box?" ſaid Archer.

" Yes; I got back from my aunt Barbara under pretence, that I muſt ſtudy for repetition-day an hour later to-night—So I got leave.—Was not that clever?"

A dunce always thinks it clever to cheat even by *ſober lies*.

How Mr. Fiſher procured the candles and the tinder-box without money, and without credit, for he had no credit, we ſhall diſcover in future.

Archer and his aſſociates had agreed to ſtay the laſt in the ſchool-room, and as ſoon as the Greybeards were gone out to bed, he, as the ſignal, was to ſhut and lock one door, Townſend the other; a third conſpirator was to ſtrike a light, in caſe they ſhould not be able to ſecure a candle; a fourth was to take charge of the candle as ſoon as lighted; and all the reſt were to run to their bars, which were ſecreted in the room; then to fix them to the common faſtening bars of the window, in the manner in which they had been previouſly inſtructed by the Manager. Thus each had his part aſſigned, and each was warned, that the ſucceſs of the whole depended upon their order and punctuality.

Order and punctuality it appears are neceſſary even in a Barring-out, and even rebellion muſt have its laws.

The long expected moment at length arrived. De Grey and his friends, un-

conſcious of what was going forward, walked out of the ſchool-room as uſual at bed time. The clock began to ſtrike nine. There was one Greybeard left in the room, who was packing up ſome of his books, which had been left about by accident. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the impatience with which he was watched, eſpecially by Fiſher, and the nine who depended upon the Gipſy oracle.

When he had got all his books together under his arm, he let one of them fall; and whilſt he ſtooped to pick it up Archer gave the ſignal. The doors were ſhut, locked, and double-locked in an inſtant. A light was ſtruck, and each ran to his poſt. The bars were all in the ſame moment put up to the windows, and Archer, when he had tried them all, and ſeen that they were ſecure, gave a loud "Huzza!"—in which he was joined by all the party

moſt manfully—by all but the poor Greybeard, who, the picture of aſtoniſhment, ſtood ſtock ſtill in the midſt of them with his books under his arm; at which ſpectacle Townſend, who enjoyed the *frolic* of the fray more than any thing elſe, burſt into an immoderate fit of laughter.—

"So, my little Greybeard," ſaid he, holding a candle full in his eyes, "what think you of all this?—How came you amongſt the wicked ones?"

"I don't know indeed," ſaid the little boy very gravely, "you ſhut me up amongſt you—won't you let me out?"

"Let you out! No, no, my little Greybeard," ſaid Archer, catching hold of him, and dragging him to the window bars—"Look ye here—Touch theſe—Put your hand to them—pull, puſh, kick—Put a little ſpirit into it, man—Kick like an Archer, if ye can—

away with ye. It's a pity that the King of the Greybeards is not here to admire me—I ſhould like to ſhew him our fortifications. But come my merry-men all, now to the feaſt. Out with the table into the middle of the room—Good cheer, my jolly Archers!—I'm your Manager?"

Townſend, delighted with the buſtle, rubbed his hands, and capered about the room, whilſt the preparations for the feaſt were hurried forward.

"Four candles!—Four candles on the table. Let's have things in ſtyle when we are about it Mr. Manager," cried Townſend. "Places!—Places! There's nothing like a fair ſcramble, my boys—Let every one take care of himſelf—Halloo! Greybeard, I've knocked Greybeard down here in the ſcuffle—Get up again, my lad, and ſee a little of life."

" No, no," cried Fiſher, " he ſhan't *ſup* with us."

" No, no," cried the Manager, " he ſhan't *live* with us; a Greybeard is not fit company for Archers."

" No, no," cried Townſend, " evil communication corrupts good manners."

So with one unanimous hiſs, they hunted the poor little gentle boy into a corner; and having pent him up with benches, Fiſher opened his books for him, which he thought the greateſt mortification, and ſet up a candle beſide him—" There, now he looks like a Greybeard as he is!" cried they.

" Tell me what's the Latin for cold roaſt beef:" ſaid Fiſher, exulting, and they returned to their feaſt.

Long and loud they revelled. They had a few bottles of cyder. " Give me the corkſcrew, the cyder ſhan't be

kept till it's four," cried Townſend, in anſwer to the Manager, who, when he beheld the proviſion vaniſhing with ſurpriſing rapidity, began to fear for the morrow.

"Hang to-morrow!" cried Townſend, "let Greybeards think of to-morrow; Mr. Manager, here's your good health."

The Archers all ſtood up as their cups were filled to drink, the health of their chief with an univerſal cheer.

But at the moment that the cups were at their lips, and as Archer bowed to thank the company, a ſudden ſhower from above aſtoniſhed the whole aſſembly. They looked up and beheld the roſe of a watering engine, the long neck of which appeared through a trap-door in the ceiling.

"Your good health, Mr. Manager!" ſaid a voice, which was known to be the gardener's, and in the midſt of their

ſurpriſe and diſmay the candles were ſuddenly extinguiſhed—the trap door ſhut down, and they were left in utter darkneſs.

"The *Devil!*" ſaid Archer—

"Don't ſwear, Mr. Manager," ſaid the ſame voice from the ceiling, "I hear every word you ſay."

"Mercy upon us!" exclaimed Fiſher. "The clock," added he, whiſpering, "muſt have been wrong, for it had not done ſtriking when we began. —Only you remember, Archer; it had juſt done before you had done locking your door."

"Hold your tongue, blockhead!" ſaid Archer.—"Well, boys! were ye never in the dark before? You are not afraid of a ſhower of rain, I hope— Is any body drowned?"

"No," ſaid they with a faint laugh, "but what ſhall we do here in the dark all night long, and all day to-morrow? —we can't unbar the ſhutters."

" It's a wonder *nobody* ever thought of that trap door," ſaid Townſend.

The trap-door had indeed eſcaped the Manager's obſervation, as the houſe was new to him, and, the ceiling being newly white-waſhed, the opening was ſcarcely perceptible. Vexed to be outgeneralled, and ſtill more vexed to have it remarked, Archer poured forth a volley of incoherent exclamations, and reproaches againſt thoſe, who were thus ſo ſoon diſcouraged by a trifle; and groping for the tinder-box, he aſked if any thing could be eaſier than to ſtrike a light again.

The light appeared. But at the moment that it made the tinder-box viſible, another ſhower from above aimed, and aimed exactly at the tinder-box, drenched it with water, and rendered it totally unfit for further ſervice.

Archer in a fury daſhed it to the ground. And now for the firſt time

he felt what it was, to be the unſucceſſful head of a party. He heard in his turn the murmurs of the diſcontented, changeable populace; and recollecting all his bars, and bolts, and ingenious contrivances, he was more provoked at their blaming him for this one only overſight, than he was grieved at the diſaſter itſelf.

"O, my hair is all wet!" cried one, dolefully.

"Wring it then," ſaid Archer.

"My hand's cut with your broken glaſs," cried another.

"Glaſs!" cried a third, "mercy! is there broken glaſs? and it's all about, I ſuppoſe, amongſt the ſupper—and I had but one bit of bread all the time."

"Bread!" cried Archer—"Eat, if you want it—Here's a piece here, and no glaſs near it."

"It's all wet—And I don't like dry bread by itſelf—That's no feaſt."

" Heigh-day!—What, nothing but moaning and grumbling!—If theſe are the joys of *a Barring-out*," cried Townſend, " I'd rather be ſnug in my bed. I expected that we ſhould have ſat up till twelve o'clock, talking and laughing and ſinging."

" So you may ſtill, what hinders you?" ſaid Archer—" Sing, and we'll join you, and I ſhould be glad thoſe fellows overhead heard us ſinging. Begin, Townſend—

" Come now all ye ſocial Powers,
" Spread your influence o'er us—'

or elſe—

" Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
" Britons never will be ſlaves."

Nothing can be more melancholy than forced merriment. In vain they roared in chorus. In vain they tried to appear gay—It would not do. The voices died away, and dropped off one by one. They had each provided himſelf with a great coat to ſleep upon, but

now in the dark there was a peeviſh ſcrambling conteſt for the coats, and half the company, in very bad humour, ſtretched themſelves upon the benches for the night.

There is great pleaſure in bearing any thing that has the appearance of hardſhip, as long as there is any glory to be acquired by it; but when people feel themſelves foiled, there is no further pleaſure in endurance: and if in their misfortune there is any mixture of the ridiculous, the motives for heroiſm are immediately deſtroyed. Dr. Middleton had probably conſidered this, in the choice he made of his firſt attack.

Archer, who had ſpent the night as a man, that had the cares of government upon his ſhoulders, roſe early in the morning, whilſt every body elſe was faſt aſleep. In the night he had revolved the affair of the trap-door, and a new danger had alarmed him. It

was poſſible, that the enemy might deſcend upon them through the trap-door. The room had been built high, to admit a free circulation of air. It was twenty feet high; ſo that it was in vain to think of reaching to the trap-door. As ſoon as day-light appeared, Archer roſe ſoftly, that he might *reconnoitre*, and deviſe ſome method of guarding againſt this new danger. Luckily there were round holes in the top of the window ſhutters, which admitted ſufficient light for him to work by. The remains of the ſoaked feaſt, wet candles, and broken glaſs, ſpread over the table in the middle of the room, looked rather diſmal this morning.

"A pretty ſet of fellows I have to manage!" ſaid Archer, contemplating the groupe of ſleepers before him.—"It is well they have ſomebody to think for them. Now if I wanted—which, thank goodneſs, I don't—but

if I did want to call a cabinet-council to my aſſiſtance, whom could I pitch upon?—Not this ſtupid ſnorer, who is dreaming of gipſies, if he is dreaming of any thing," continued Archer, as he looked into Fiſher's open mouth.

" This next chap is quick enough; but then he is ſo fond of having every thing his own way.

" And this curl-pated monkey, who is grinning in his ſleep, is all tongue, and no brains.

" Here are brains, though nobody would think it, in this lump," ſaid he, looking at a fat, rolled up, heavy-breathing ſleeper; " but what ſignify brains to ſuch a lazy dog; I might kick him for my foot-ball this half hour, before I ſhould get him awake.

" This lank-jawed Harlequin beſide him is a handy fellow, to be ſure; but then if he has hands, he has no head —and he'd be afraid of his own ſhadow

too, by this light, he is ſuch a coward!

" And Townſend, why he has puns in plenty; but when there's any work to be done, he's the worſt fellow to be near one in the world—he can do nothing but laugh at his own puns.

" This poor little fellow, that we hunted into the corner, has more ſenſe than all of them put together; but then he is a Greybeard."

Thus ſpeculated the chief of a party upon his ſleeping friends.—And how did it happen, that he ſhould be ſo ambitious to pleaſe and govern this ſet, when, for each individual of which it was compoſed, he felt ſuch ſupreme contempt. He had formed them into a *party*, had given them a name, and he was at their head. If theſe be not good reaſons, none better can be aſſigned for Archer's conduct.

" I wiſh ye could all ſleep on," ſaid

he, "but I muſt waken ye, though ye will be only in my way. The ſound of my hammering muſt waken them; ſo I may as well do the thing handſomely, and flatter ſome of them by pretending to aſk their advice."

Accordingly, he pulled two or three to waken them. "Come, Townſend, waken, my boy! Here's ſome diverſion for you—up! up!"

"Diverſion!" cried Townſend, "I'm your man! I'm up—*up to any thing.*"

So, under the name of *diverſion*, Archer ſet Townſend to work at four o'clock in the morning. They had nails, a few tools, and ſeveral ſpars, ſtill left from the wreck of the play-houſe. Theſe, by Archer's directions, they ſharpened at one end, and nailed them to the ends of ſeveral forms. All hands were now called to clear away the ſupper things, and to erect theſe forms perpendicularly under the trap door; and,

with the assistance of a few braces, a chevaux-de-frise was formed, upon which nobody could venture to descend. At the fartheſt end of the room, they likewiſe formed a penthouſe of the tables, under which they propoſed to breakfaſt, ſecure from the pelting ſtorm, if it ſhould again aſſail them through the trap door. They crowded under the penthouſe as ſoon as it was ready, and their admiration of its ingenuity paid the workmen for the job.

"Lord! I ſhall like to ſee the gardener's phiz through the trap-door, when he beholds the ſpikes under him!" cried Townſend.—"Now for breakfaſt!"

"Aye, now for breakfaſt," ſaid Archer, looking at his watch; "paſt eight o'clock, and my town boys not come! I don't underſtand this!"

Archer had expected a conſtant ſupply of proviſion from two boys who

lived in the town, who were couſins of his, and who had promiſed to come every day, and put food in at a certain hole in the wall, in which a ventilator uſually turned. This ventilator Archer had taken down, and had contrived it ſo, that it could be eaſily removed and replaced at pleaſure; but, upon examination, it was now perceived, that the hole had been newly ſtopped up by an iron back, which it was impoſſible to penetrate or remove.

"It never came into my head, that any body would ever have thought of the ventilator but myſelf!" exclaimed Archer, in great perplexity. He liſtened, and waited for his couſins, but no couſins came; and, at a late hour, the company were obliged to breakfaſt upon the ſcattered fragments of the laſt night's feaſt. That feaſt had been ſpread with ſuch imprudent profuſion, that little now remained, to ſatisfy the hun-

gry guests. Archer, who well knew the effect, which the apprehension of a scarcity would have upon his associates, did every thing that could be done by a bold countenance and reiterated assertions, to persuade them that his cousins would certainly come at last, and that the supplies were only delayed. The delay, however, was alarming.

Fisher, alone, heard the Manager's calculations, and saw the public fears unmoved. Secretly rejoicing in his own wisdom, he walked from window to window, slyly listening for the gipsy's signal. "There it is!" cried he, with more joy sparkling in his eyes than had ever enlightened them before; "Come this way, Archer; but don't tell any body. Hark! do ye hear those three taps at the window?—This is the old woman with twelve buns for me! I'll give you one whole one for

yourſelf, if you will unbar the window for me."

"Unbar the window!" interrupted Archer; "no, that I won't, for you or the gipſy either; but I have head enough to get your buns without that. But ſtay, there is ſomething of more conſequence than your twelve buns—I muſt think for ye all, I ſee, regularly."

So he ſummoned a council, and propoſed that every one ſhould ſubſcribe, and truſt the ſubſcription to the gipſy, to purchaſe a freſh ſupply of proviſion. Archer laid down a guinea of his own money for his ſubſcription; at which ſight all the company clapped their hands, and his popularity roſe to a high pitch with their renewed hopes of plenty. Now, having made a liſt of their wants, they folded the money in the paper, put it into a bag, which Archer tied to a long ſtring, and, having broken the pane of glaſs behind the

round hole in the window ſhutter, he let down the bag to the gipſy. She promiſed to be punctual; and having filled the bag with Fiſher's twelve buns, they were drawn up in triumph, and every body anticipated the pleaſure, with which they ſhould ſee the ſame bag drawn up at dinner time. The buns were a little ſqueezed in being drawn through the hole in the window ſhutter; but Archer immediately ſawed out a piece of the ſhutter, and broke the correſponding panes in each of the other windows, to prevent ſuſpicion, and to make it appear, that they had all been broken to admit the air.

What a pity that ſo much ingenuity ſhould have been employed to no purpoſe. It may have ſurprized the intelligent reader, that the gipſy was ſo punctual to her promiſe to Fiſher; but we muſt recollect, that her apparent integrity was only cunning; ſhe was punc-

tual, that ſhe might be employed again —that ſhe might be entruſted with the contribution, which, ſhe foreſaw, muſt be raiſed amongſt the famiſhing garriſon. No ſooner had ſhe received the money, than her end was gained.

Dinner-time came—It ſtruck three, four, five, ſix. They liſtened with hungry ears, but no ſignal was heard. The morning had been very long, and Archer had in vain tried to diſſuade them from devouring the remainder of the proviſion before they were ſure of a freſh ſupply. And now, thoſe who had been the moſt confident, were the moſt impatient of their diſappointment.

Archer, in the diviſion of the food, had attempted, by the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs, to content the public; and he was both aſtoniſhed and provoked, to perceive that his impartiality was impeached. So differently do people judge

in different ſituations.—He was the firſt perſon, to accuſe his maſter of injuſtice, and the leaſt capable of bearing ſuch an imputation upon himſelf from others. He now experienced ſome of the joys of power, and the delight of managing unreaſonable numbers.

"Have not I done every thing I could to pleaſe ye? Have not I ſpent my money to buy ye food? Have not I divided the laſt morſel with ye?—I have not taſted one mouthful to-day!—Did not I ſet to work for ye at ſunriſe? Did not I lie awake all night for ye? Have not I had all the labour, all the anxiety? Look round and ſee *my* contrivances, *my* work, *my* generoſity! And, after all, you think me a tyrant, becauſe I want you to have common ſenſe. Is not this bun which I hold in my hand my own? Did not I earn it by my own ingenuity from that ſelfiſh dunce (pointing to Fiſher) who could

never have gotten one of his twelve buns, if I had not ſhewn him how: eleven of them he has eaten ſince morning for his own ſhare, without offering any mortal a morſel; but I ſcorn to eat even what is juſtly my own, when I ſee ſo many hungry creatures longing for it. I was not going to touch this laſt morſel myſelf; I only begged you to keep it till ſupper time, when, perhaps, you'll want it more, and Townſend, who can't bear the ſlighteſt thing that croſſes his own whims, and who thinks there's nothing in this world to be minded but his own diverſion, calls me a *tyrant.* You all of you promiſed to obey me—the firſt thing I aſk you to do for your own good, and when, if you had common ſenſe, you muſt know I can want nothing but your good, you rebel againſt me.—Traitors !—Fools !—Ungrateful fools !"

Archer walked up and down, unable

to command his emotion, whilſt, for the moment, the diſcontented multitude was ſilenced.

"Here," ſaid he, ſtriking his hand upon the little boy's ſhoulder, "Here's the only one amongſt ye, who has not uttered one word of reproach or complaint, and he has had but one bit of bread—a bit that I gave him myſelf this day.—Here! ſaid he, ſnatching the bun, which nobody had dared to touch—"Take it—it's mine—I give it to you, though you are a Greybeard—you deſerve it—eat it, and be an Archer. You ſhall be my captain—will you?" ſaid he, lifting him up in his arms above the reſt.

"I like you now," ſaid the little boy courageouſly; "but I love De Grey better; he has always been my friend, and he adviſed me never to call myſelf any of thoſe names, Archer or Greybeard, ſo I won't: though I am ſhut in here,

I have nothing to do with it. I love Dr. Middleton; he was never unjuſt to *me*; and, I dare ſay that he has very good reaſons, as De Grey ſaid, for forbidding us to go into that houſe—beſides, it's his own.

Inſtead of admiring the good ſenſe and ſteadineſs of this lad, Archer ſuffered Townſend to ſnatch the untaſted bun out of his hands. He flung it at the hole in the window, but it fell back. The Archers ſcrambled for it, and Fiſher ate it.

Archer ſaw this, and was ſenſible that he had not done handſomely in ſuffering it. A few moments ago he had admired his own generoſity, and though he had felt the injuſtice of others, he had not accuſed himſelf of any. He turned away from the little boy, and, ſitting down at one end of the table, hid his face in his hands. He continued immoveable in this poſture for ſome time.

" Lord ! ſaid Townſend, " it was an excellent joke !"

" Pooh !" ſaid Fiſher, " what a fool, to think ſo much about a bun !"

" Never mind, Mr. Archer, if you are thinking about me," ſaid the little boy, trying gently to pull his hands from his face.

" Archer ſtooped down, and lifted him up upon the table ; at which ſight the enraged partiſans ſet up a general hiſs—" He has forſaken us ! He deſerts his party ! He wants to be a Greybeard ! After he has got us all into this ſcrape, he will leave us !"

" I am not going to leave you," cried Archer—" No one ſhall ever accuſe me of deſerting my party. I'll ſtick by the Archers, right or wrong, I tell you, to the laſt moment :—but this little fellow—take it as you pleaſe, mutiny if you will, and throw me out of the window ; call me traitor, coward, Grey-

beard—this little fellow is worth you all put together, and I'll ſtand by him againſt whoever dares to lay a finger upon him: and the next morſel of food that I ſee ſhall be his; touch him who dares."

The commanding air with which Archer ſpoke and looked, and the belief that the little boy deſerved his protection, ſilenced the crowd: but the ſtorm was only huſhed.

No ſound of merriment was now to be heard—no battledore and ſhuttlecock, no ball, no marbles. Some ſat in a corner, whiſpering their wiſhes, that Archer would unbar the doors, and give up. Others, ſtretching their arms and gaping, as they ſauntered up and down the room, wiſhed for air, or food, or water. Fiſher and his nine, who had ſuch firm dependence upon the gipſy, now gave themſelves up to utter deſpair. It was eight o'clock, growing darker and

darker every minute, and no candles, no light could they have. The proſpect of another long dark night made them ſtill more diſcontented. Townſend at the head of the yawners, and Fiſher at the head of the hungry malcontents, gathered round Archer, and the few yet unconquered ſpirits, demanding "how long he meant to keep them in this dark dungeon? and whether he expected, that they ſhould ſtarve themſelves to death for his ſake?"

The idea of *giving up* was more intolerable to Archer than all the reſt; he ſaw, that the majority, his own convincing argument, was againſt him. He was therefore obliged to condeſcend to the arts of perſuaſion. He flattered ſome with hopes of food from the town boys. Some he reminded of their promiſes. Others he praiſed for former proweſs; and others he ſhamed by the repetition of their high vaunts in the beginning of the buſineſs.

It was at length reſolved, that at all events they *would hold out.* With this determination they ſtretched themſelves again to ſleep, for the ſecond night, in weak and weary obſtinacy.

Archer ſlept longer and more ſoundly than uſual the next morning, and, when he awoke—he found his hands tied behind him. Three or four boys had juſt gotten hold of his feet, which they preſſed down, whilſt the trembling hands of Fiſher were faſtening the cord round them. With all the force which rage could inſpire, Archer ſtruggled and roared to "*his Archers?*"—his friends—his party!—for help againſt the traitors.

But all kept aloof. Townſend, in particular, ſtood laughing, and looking on. "I beg your pardon, Archer, but really you look ſo droll!—All alive and kicking!—Don't be angry—I'm ſo weak I cannot help laughing to-day."

The packthread cracked—" His hands are free !—He's looſe !" cried the leaſt of the boys, and ran away, whilſt Archer leaped up, and ſeizing hold of Fiſher with a powerful graſp, ſternly demanded—" What he meant by this ?"

" Aſk my party," ſaid Fiſher, terrified ; " they ſet me on ; aſk my party."

" Your party !" cried Archer, with a look of ineffable contempt : " You reptile !—*your* party ! Can ſuch a thing as *you* have a party ?"

" To be ſure," ſaid Fiſher, ſettling his collar, which Archer, in his ſurpriſe, had let go—" To be ſure—Why not ?—Any man who chooſes it may have a party as well as yourſelf, I ſuppoſe—I have my nine Fiſhermen"—

At theſe words, ſpoken with much ſullen importance, Archer, in ſpite of his vexation, could not help laughing—" Fiſhermen !" cried he, " *Fiſhermen !*" —" And why not Fiſhermen as well as Ar-

chers ?" cried they—" one party is juſt as good as another ; it is only a queſtion which can get the upper hand ; and we had your hands tied juſt now."

" That's right, Townſend," ſaid Archer, " laugh on, my boy ! Friend or foe it's all the ſame to you. I know how to value your friendſhip now. You are a mighty good fellow when the ſun ſhines ; but, let a ſtorm come, and how you ſlink away !"

At this inſtant Archer felt the difference between a *good companion*, and a good friend ; a difference which ſome people do not diſcover till too late in life.

" Have I no friend ?—no real friend amongſt ye all ? And could ye ſtand by and ſee my hands tied behind me, like a thief's. What ſignifies ſuch a party ? —All mute !"

" We want ſomething to eat," anſwered the Fiſhermen. " What ſignifies

ſuch a party, indeed?—and *ſuch* a Manager, who can do nothing for one?"

"And have *I* done nothing?"

"Don't let's hear any more proſing," ſaid Fiſher; "we are too many for you. I've adviſed my party, if they've a mind not to be ſtarved, to give you up for the ringleader, as you were; and Dr. Middleton will let *us* all off, I dare ſay."

So, depending upon the ſullen ſilence of the aſſembly, he again approached Archer with a cord. A cry of "No! no! no! Don't tie him"—was feebly raiſed.

Archer ſtood ſtill; but the moment Fiſher touched him, he knocked him down to the ground; and, turning to the reſt with eyes ſparkling with indignation, "Archers!" cried he.

A voice at this inſtant was heard at the door—It was De Grey's voice—"I have a large baſket of proviſion for your breakfaſt."

A general ſhout of joy was ſent forth

by the voracious public—" Breakfaſt! —proviſion!—A large baſket—De Grey for ever!—Huzza!"

De Grey promiſed, upon his honour, that if they would unbar the door, nobody ſhould come in with him, and no advantage ſhould be taken of them. This promiſe was enough, even for Archer.

" I will let him in," ſaid he, " myſelf, for I'm ſure he will never break his word."

He pulled away the bar—the door opened—and having bargained for the liberty of Melſom (the little boy who had been ſhut in by miſtake), De Grey puſhed in his baſket of proviſion, and locked and barred the door inſtantly.

Joy and gratitude ſparkled in every face, when he unpacked his baſket, and ſpread the table with a plentiful breakfaſt. A hundred queſtions were aſked him at once—" Eat firſt," ſaid he,

"and we will talk afterwards." This buſineſs was quickly diſpatched by people who had not taſted food for ſeveral hours. Their curioſity increaſed as their hunger diminiſhed. "Who ſent us breakfaſt? Does Dr. Middleton know?"—were queſtions reiterated from every mouth.

"He does know," anſwered De Grey, "and the firſt thing I have to tell you is, that I am your fellow priſoner. I am to ſtay here, till you give up. This was the only condition on which Dr. Middleton would allow me to bring you food, and he will allow no more."

Every one looked at the empty baſket. But Archer, in whom half-vanquiſhed party ſpirit revived with the ſtrength he had gotten from his breakfaſt, broke into exclamations in praiſe of De Grey's magnanimity, as he now imagined, that De Grey was become one of themſelves.

"And you will join us, will you?—that's a noble fellow!"

"No," anſwered De Grey, calmly, "but I hope to perſuade, or rather to convince you, that you ought to join me."

"You would have found it no hard taſk, to have perſuaded or convinced us, whichever you pleaſed," ſaid Townſend, "if you had appealed to Archers faſting, but Archers feaſting are quite other animals. Even Cæſar himſelf, after breakfaſt, is quite another thing!" added he, pointing to Archer.

"You may ſpeak for yourſelf, Mr. Townſend," replied the inſulted hero, "but not for me, or for Archers in general, if you pleaſe. We unbarred the door upon the faith of De Grey's promiſe—*that* was not giving up. And it would have been juſt as difficult, I promiſe you, to perſuade or convince me either, that I ſhould give up

againſt my honour before breakfaſt, as after."

This ſpirited ſpeech was applauded by many, who had now forgotten the feelings of famine. Not ſo Fiſher, whoſe memory was upon this occaſion very diſtinct.

"What nonſenſe"—and the orator paused for a ſynonymous expreſſion, but none was at hand. "What nonſenſe and—nonſenſe is here!—Why, don't you remember, that dinner-time, ſupper-time, and breakfaſt-time will come again? So what ſignifies mouthing about perſuading and convincing. We will not go through again what we did yeſterday. Honour me no honour, I don't underſtand it.—I'd rather be flogged at once, as I've been many's the good time for a leſs thing. I ſay, we'd better all be flogged at once, which muſt be the end of it, ſooner or later, than wait here to be without dinner, break-

faſt, and ſupper, all only becauſe Mr. Archer won't give up becauſe of his honour, and nonſenſe!"

Many prudent faces amongſt the Fiſhermen ſeemed to deliberate at the cloſe of this oration, in which the arguments were brought ſo "home to each man's buſineſs and boſom."

"But," ſaid De Grey, "when we yield, I hope it will not be merely to get our dinner, gentlemen. When we yield, Archer—"

"Don't addreſs yourſelf to me," interrupted Archer, ſtruggling with his pride; "you have no farther occaſion to try to win me—I have no power, no party, you ſee! and now I find that I have no friends, I don't care what becomes of myſelf. I ſuppoſe I'm to be given up as ringleader. Here's this Fiſher, and a party of his Fiſhermen, were going to tie me hand and foot, if I had not knocked him down, juſt as

you came to the door, De Grey; and now, perhaps, you will join Fiſher's party againſt me."

De Grey was going to aſſure him, that he had no intention of joining any party, when a ſudden change appeared in Archer's countenance.

"Silence!" cried Archer, in an imperious tone; and there was ſilence. Some one was heard to whiſtle the beginning of a tune, that was perfectly new to every body preſent, except to Archer, who immediately whiſtled the concluſion.

"There!" cried he, looking at De Grey with triumph, "that's a method of holding ſecret correſpondence, whilſt a priſoner, which I learned from 'Richard Cœur de Lion.' I know how to make uſe of every thing. Hollo, friend! are you there at laſt?" cried he, going to the ventilator.

"Yes, but we are barred out here."

"Round to the window, then, and fill your bag; we'll let it down, my lad, in a trice, bar me out who can."

Archer let down the bag with all the expedition of joy, and it was filled with all the expedition of fear.—"Pull away—make haſte, for Heaven's ſake!" ſaid the voice from without, "the gardener will come from dinner elſe, and we ſhall be caught. He mounted guard all yeſterday at the ventilator; and, though I watched, and watched, till it was darker than pitch, I could not get near you. I don't know what has taken him out of the way, now—make haſte, pull away!"

The heavy bag was ſoon pulled up—"Have you any more?" ſaid Archer.

"Yes, plenty—let down quick: I've got the taylor's bag full, which is three times as large as your's, and I've changed clothes with the taylor's boy, ſo nobody took notice of me as I came down the ſtreet."

"There's my own couſin!" exclaimed Archer—"there's a noble fellow!—there's my own couſin, I acknowledge. Fill the bag, then."

Several times the bag deſcended and aſcended; and at every unlading of the crane, freſh acclamations were heard. "I have no more!" at length the boy with the taylor's bag cried.

"Off with you, then; we've enough, and thank you."

A delightful review was now made of their treaſure; buſy hands arranged and ſorted the heterogeneous maſs. Archer, in the height of his glory, looked on, the acknowledged maſter of the whole. Townſend, who, in proſperity as in adverſity, ſaw and enjoyed the comic foibles of his friends, puſhed De Grey, who was looking on with a more good-natured and more thoughtful air: "Friend," ſaid he, "you look like a great philoſopher, and Archer like a great hero."

"And you, Townſend," ſaid Archer, "may look like a wit, if you will; but you will never be a hero."

"No, no," replied Townſend, "wits are never heroes, becauſe they are wits—you are out of your wits, and therefore may ſet up for a hero."

"Laugh and welcome—I'm not a tyrant. I don't want to reſtrain any body's wit; but I cannot ſay I admire puns."

"Nor I neither," ſaid the time-ſerving Fiſher, fidling up to the Manager, and picking the ice off a piece of plum-cake; "nor I neither; I hate puns. I can never underſtand Townſend's *puns*; beſides, any body can make puns; and one does'nt want wit either at all times; for inſtance, when one is going to ſettle about dinner, or buſineſs of conſequence. Bleſs us all, Archer!" continued he, with ſudden familiarity, "*What a ſight of good things are here!* I'm ſure we

are much obliged to you and your couſin—I never thought he'd have come. Why, now we can hold out as long as you pleaſe. Let us ſee," ſaid he, dividing the proviſion upon the table, "we can hold out to-day, and all to-morrow, and part of next day, may be. Why, now, we may defy the doctor and the Greybeards—and the doctor will ſurely give up to us, for, you ſee, he knows nothing of all this, and he'll think we are ſtarving all this while; and he'd be afraid, you ſee, to let us ſtarve quite, in reality, for three whole days, becauſe of what would be ſaid in the town. My aunt Barbara, for one, would be *at him*, long before that time was out; and, beſides, you know, in that there caſe, he'd be hanged for murder, which is quite another thing, in law, from a *Barring out*, you know."

Archer had not given to this harangue all the attention which it deſerved; for

his eye was fixed upon De Grey. "What is De Grey thinking of?" he aſked impatiently.

"I am thinking," ſaid De Grey, "that Dr. Middleton muſt believe, that I have betrayed his confidence in me. The gardener was ordered away from his watch-poſt for one half hour when I was admitted. This half-hour the gardener has made nearly an hour. I never would have come amongſt you, if I had foreſeen all this. Dr. Middleton truſted me, and now he will repent of his confidence in me."

"De Grey," cried Archer, with energy, "he ſhall not repent of his confidence in you; nor ſhall you repent of coming amongſt us; you ſhall find, that we have ſome honour as well as yourſelf; and I will take care of your honour, as if it were my *own!*"

"Hey-day!" interrupted Townſend, "are heroes allowed to change ſides,

pray? And does the chief of the Archers ſtand talking ſentiment to the chief of the Greybeards? In the middle of his own party too!"

"Party!" repeated Archer, diſdainfully, "I have done with parties! I ſee what parties are made of. I have felt the want of a friend, and I am determined to make one, if I can."

"That you may do," ſaid De Grey, ſtretching out his hand.

"Unbar the doors! unbar the windows!—Away with all theſe things!—I give up for De Grey's ſake; he ſhall not loſe his credit on my account."

"No," ſaid De Grey, "you ſhall not give up for my ſake."

"Well then, I'll give up to do what is *honourable*," ſaid Archer.

"Why not to do what is *reaſonable?*" ſaid De Grey.

"*Reaſonable!*" O, the firſt thing that a man of ſpirit ſhould think of is, what is *honourable*."

"But how will he find out *what is* honourable, unleſs he can reaſon?"

"O," ſaid Archer, "his own feelings always tell him what is honourable."

"Have not *your feelings* changed within theſe few hours."

"Yes, with circumſtances; but right or wrong, as long as I think it honourable to do ſo and ſo, I'm ſatisfied."

"But you cannot think any thing honourable, or the contrary, without reaſoning; and as to what you call feeling, it's only a quick ſort of reaſoning."

"The quicker the better," ſaid Archer.

"Perhaps not," ſaid De Grey, "we are apt to reaſon beſt, when we are not in quite ſo great a hurry."

"But," ſaid Archer, "we have not always time enough to reaſon *at firſt*."

"You muſt, however, acknowledge," replied De Grey, ſmiling, "that no man

but a fool thinks it honourable to be in the wrong *at laſt*. Is it not, therefore, beſt to begin by reaſoning to find out the right *at firſt* ?"

"To be ſure."

"And did you reaſon with yourſelf at firſt? And did you find out that it was right, to bar Dr. Middleton out of his own ſchool-room, becauſe he deſired you not to go into one of his own houſes ?"

"No; but I ſhould never have thought of heading a Barring out, if he had not ſhewn partiality; and if you had flown into a paſſion with me openly, at once, for pulling down your ſcenery, which would have been quite natural, and not have gone ſlily and forbid us the houſe, out of revenge, there would have been none of this work."

"Why," ſaid De Grey, "ſhould you ſuſpect me of ſuch a mean action, when you have never ſeen or known me do

any thing mean, and when in this inſtance you have no proofs."

"Will you give me your word and honour now, De Grey, before every body here, that you did not do what I ſuſpected?"

"I do aſſure you, upon my honour, I never, directly or indirectly, ſpoke to Dr. Middleton about the play-houſe."

"Then," ſaid Archer, "I'm as glad as if I had found a thouſand pounds!—Now you are my friend, indeed."

"And Dr. Middleton—why ſhould you ſuſpect him without reaſon, any more than me?"

"As to that," ſaid Archer, "he is your friend, and you are right to defend him; and I won't ſay another word againſt him—will that ſatisfy you?"

"Not quite."

"Not quite!—Then, indeed, you are unreaſonable!"

"No; for I don't wiſh you to yield

out of friendſhip to me, any more than to honour. If you yield to reaſon, you will be governed by reaſon another time."

"Well; but then don't triumph over me, becauſe you have the beſt ſide of the argument."

"Not I!—how can I?" ſaid De Grey; "for now you are on *the beſt ſide* as well as myſelf, are not you? So we may triumph together."

"You are a good friend!" ſaid Archer, and with great eagerneſs he pulled down the fortifications, whilſt every hand aſſiſted. The room was reſtored to order in a few minutes; the ſhutters were thrown open, the cheerful light let in. The windows were thrown up, and the firſt feeling of the freſh air was delightful. The green play-ground appeared before them, and the hopes of exerciſe and liberty brightened the countenances of theſe voluntary priſoners.

But, alas! they were not yet at liberty! the idea of Dr. Middleton, and the dread of his vengeance, ſmote their hearts! When the rebels had ſent an ambaſſador with their ſurrender, they ſtood in pale and ſilent ſuſpenſe, waiting for their doom.—"Ah!" ſaid Fiſher, looking up at the broken panes in the windows, "the doctor will think the moſt of *that*—he'll never forgive us for that."

"Huſh! here he comes!"—His ſteady ſtep was heard approaching nearer and nearer! Archer threw open the door, and Dr. Middleton entered.—Fiſher inſtantly fell on his knees.

"It is no delight to me to ſee people on their knees; ſtand up, Mr. Fiſher. I hope you all are conſcious, that you have done wrong?"

"Sir," ſaid Archer, "they are conſcious, that they have done wrong, and ſo am I. I am the ringleader—puniſh

means you think proper—I submit. Your punishments—your vengeance ought to fall on me alone."

"Sir," said Dr. Middleton, calmly, "I perceive, that whatever else you may have learned in the course of your education, you have not been taught the meaning of the word punishment. Punishment and vengeance do not, with us, mean the same thing. *Punishment* is pain given, with the reasonable hope of preventing those, on whom it is inflicted, from doing, *in future*, what will hurt themselves or others. *Vengeance* never looks to the *future*; but is the expression of anger for an injury that is past. I feel no anger—you have done me no injury."

Here many of the little boys looked timidly up at the windows.

"Yes; I see that you have broken my windows; that is a small evil."

"O, sir! how good!—how merci-

ful !" exclaimed thoſe who had been moſt panic-ſtruck—" he forgives us !"

" Stay," reſumed Dr. Middleton, " I cannot forgive you—I ſhall never revenge, but it is my duty to puniſh.—You have rebelled againſt the juſt authority, which is neceſſary to conduct and govern you, whilſt you have not ſufficient reaſon to govern and conduct yourſelves.—Without obedience to your maſter, as children, you cannot be educated. Without obedience to the laws," added he, turning to Archer, " as men, you cannot be ſuffered in ſociety.—You, ſir, think yourſelf a man, I obſerve; and you think it the part of a man, not to ſubmit to the will of another. I have no pleaſure in making others, whether men or children, ſubmit to my *will*; but my reaſon and experience are ſuperior to yours—your parents at leaſt think ſo, or they would not have entruſted me with the care of your education. As

long as they do entruſt you to my care, and as long as I have any hopes of making you wiſer and better by puniſhment, I ſhall ſteadily inflict it, whenever I judge it to be neceſſary, and I judge it to be neceſſary *now*. This is a long ſermon, Mr. Archer, not preached to ſhew my own eloquence, but to convince your underſtanding. Now, as to your puniſhment!"

"Name it, ſir," ſaid Archer; "whatever it is, I will cheerfully ſubmit to it."

"Name it yourſelf," ſaid Dr. Middleton, "and ſhew me, that you now underſtand the nature of puniſhment."

Archer, proud to be treated like a reaſonable creature, and ſorry that he had behaved like a fooliſh ſchool-boy, was ſilent for ſome time, but at length replied, "That he would rather not name his own puniſhment." He repeated, however, that he "truſted he

ſhould bear it well, whatever it might be."

"I ſhall then," ſaid Dr. Middleton, "deprive you, for two months, of pocket money, as you have had too much, and have made a bad uſe of it."

"Sir," ſaid Archer, "I brought five guineas with me to ſchool—this guinea is all that I have left."

Dr. Middleton received the guinea which Archer offered him, with a look of approbation; and told him that it ſhould be applied to the repairs of the ſchool-room. The reſt of the boys waited in ſilence for the doctor's ſentence againſt them; but not with thoſe looks of abject fear, with which boys uſually expect the ſentence of a ſchool-maſter.

"You ſhall return from the play-ground, all of you," ſaid Dr. Middleton, "one quarter of an hour ſooner

for two months to come, than the reſt of your companions. A bell ſhall ring at the appointed time. I give you an opportunity of recovering my confidence by your punctuality."

"O, ſir, we will come the inſtant, the very inſtant the bell rings—you ſhall have confidence in us," cried they eagerly.

"I deſerve your confidence, I hope," ſaid Dr. Middleton, "for it is my firſt wiſh, to make you all happy.—You do not know the pain, that it has coſt me, to deprive you of food for ſo many hours."

Here the boys, with one accord, ran to the place where they had depoſited their laſt ſupplies.—Archer delivered them up to the doctor, proud to ſhew, that they were not reduced to obedience merely by neceſſity.

"The reaſon," reſumed Dr. Middleton, having now returned to the

uſual benignity of his manner,—" The reaſon why I deſired, that none of you ſhould go to that building, (pointing out of the window) was this: I had been informed, that a gang of gipſies had ſlept there the night before I ſpoke to you, one of whom was dangerouſly ill of a putrid fever. I did not chooſe to mention my reaſon to you at that time, for fear of alarming you or your friends. I have had the place cleaned, and you may return to it when you pleaſe. The gipſies were yeſterday removed from the town."

" De Grey, you were in the right," whiſpered Archer, " and it was I, that was *unjuſt*."

" The old woman," continued the doctor, " whom you employed to buy food, has eſcaped the fever, but ſhe has not eſcaped a gaol, whither ſhe was ſent yeſterday, for having defrauded you of your money."

"Mr. Fiſher," ſaid Doctor Middleton, "as to you, I ſhall not puniſh you!—I have no hope of making you either wiſer or better.—Do you know this paper?"

The paper appeared to be a bill for candles and a tinder-box.

"I deſired him to buy thoſe things, ſir," ſaid Archer, colouring.

"And did you deſire him not to pay for them?"

"No," ſaid Archer, "he had half a crown on purpoſe to pay for them."

"I know he had; but he choſe to apply it to his own private uſe, and gave it to the gipſy, to buy twelve buns for his own eating. To obtain credit for the tinder-box and candle, he made uſe of *this* name," ſaid he, turning to the other ſide of the bill, and pointing to De Grey's name, which was written at the end of a copy of one of De Grey's exerciſes.

"I assure you, sir," cried Archer——

"You need not assure me, sir," said Dr. Middleton, "I cannot suspect a boy of your temper of having any part in so base an action.—When the people in the shop refused to let Mr. Fisher have the things without paying for them, he made use of De Grey's name, who was known there. Suspecting some mischief, however, from the purchase of the tinder-box, the shopkeeper informed me of the circumstance. Nothing in this whole business gave me half so much pain, as I felt for a moment, when I suspected, that De Grey was concerned in it."

A loud cry, in which Archer's voice was heard most distinctly, declared De Grey's innocence. Dr. Middleton looked round at their eager, honest faces, with benevolent approbation.

"Archer," said he, taking him by the hand, "I am heartily glad to see,

that you have gotten the better of your party-ſpirit—I wiſh you may keep ſuch a friend, as you have now beſide you.—One ſuch friend is worth two ſuch parties.

" As for you, Mr. Fiſher—depart—you muſt never return hither again."

In vain he ſolicited Archer and De Grey to intercede for him. Every body turned away with contempt, and he ſneaked out, whimpering in a doleful voice—" What ſhall I ſay to my aunt Barbara?"

Extract from the Courier, May, 1799.

"ETON MONTEM.

"YESTERDAY this triennial ceremony took place, with which the public are too well acquainted, to require a particular deſcription. A collection, called *Salt*, is taken from the public, which forms a purſe, to ſupport the Captain of the School in his ſtudies at Cambridge. This collection is made by the ſcholars, dreſſed in fancy dreſſes, all round the country.

"At eleven o'clock, the youths being aſſembled in their habiliments at the College, the Royal Family ſet off from the Caſtle to ſee them, and, after walking round the Court Yard, they proceeded to Salt Hill in the following Order:—

"His Majeſty, his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, and the Earl of Uxbridge.

"Their Royal Highneſſes the Dukes of Kent and Cumberland, Earl Morton, and General

Gwynne, all on horſeback, dreſſed in the Windſor uniform, except the Prince of Wales, who wore a ſuit of dark blue, and a brown ſurtout over.

"Then followed the Scholars, preceded by the Mareſchal Serjeants, the Muſicians of the Staffordſhire Band, and Mr. Ford, Captain of the Seminary, the Serjeant Major, Serjeants, Colonels, Corporals, Muſicians, Enſign, Lieutenant, Steward, Salt Bearers, Polemen, and Runners.

"The cavalcade being brought up by her Majeſty and her amiable daughters in two carriages, and a numerous company of equeſtrians and pedeſtrians, all eager to behold their Sovereign and his family. Among the former, Lady Lade was foremoſt in the throng; only two others dared venture their perſons on horſeback in ſuch a multitude.

"The King and Royal Family were ſtopped on Eton Bridge by Meſſrs. Yonge and Mansfield, the Salt-bearers, to whom their Majeſties delivered their cuſtomary donation of fifty guineas each.

"At Salt Hill, His Majeſty, with his uſual affability, took upon himſelf to arrange the proceſſion round the Royal carriages; and even

when the horſes were taken off, with the aſſiſtance of the Duke of Kent faſtened the traces round the pole of the coaches, to prevent any inconvenience.

"An exceeding heavy ſhower of rain coming on, the Prince took leave, and went to the Windmill Inn, till it ſubſided. The King and his attendants weathered it out in their great coats.

"After the young gentlemen had walked round the carriages, Enſign Vince, and the Salt Bearers, proceeded to the ſummit of the Hill, but the wind being boiſterous, he could not exhibit his dexterity in diſplaying his flag, and the ſpace being too ſmall before the carriages, from the concourſe of ſpectators, the King kindly acquieſced in not having it diſplayed under ſuch inconveniences.

"Their Majeſties and the Princeſſes then returned home, the King occaſionally ſtopping to converſe with the Dean of Windſor, the Earl of Harrington, and other Noblemen.

"The Scholars partook of an elegant dinner at the Windmill Inn, and in the evening walked on Windſor Terrace.

"Their Royal Highneſſes the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cumberland, after taking leave

of their Majeſties, ſet off for town, and honoured the Opera Houſe with their preſence in the evening.

"The profit ariſing from the Salt collected, according to account, amounted to above 800l.

"The Stadtholder, the Duke of Gordon, Lord and Lady Melbourne, Viſcount Brome, and a numerous train of faſhionable Nobility, were preſent.

"The following is an account of the dreſſes, made as uſual very handſomely by Mrs. Snow, milliner, of Windſor:

"Mr. Ford, Captain, with eight Gentlemen to attend him as ſervitors.

"Mr. Sergeant, Marſhal.

"Mr. Bradrith, Colonel.

"Mr. Plumtree, Lieutenant.

"Mr. Vince, Enſign.

"Mr. Young, College Salt Bearer; white and gold dreſs, rich ſatin bag, covered with gold netting.

"Mr. Mansfield, Oppident, white, purple, and orange dreſs, trimmed with ſilver, rich ſatin bag, purple and ſilver; each carrying elegant poles, with gold and ſilver cord.

"Mr. Keity, yellow and black velvet, helmet trimmed with ſilver.

"Mr. Bartelot, plaid mantle and ſandals, Scotch bonnét, a very Douglas.

"Mr. Knapp, fleſh-colour and blue; Spaniſh hat and feathers.

"Mr. Ripley, roſe-colour; helmet.

"Mr. Iſlip (being in mourning), a ſcarf; helmet, black velvet, and white ſatin.

"Mr. Tomkins, violet and ſilver; helmet.

"Mr. Thackery, lilac and ſilver; Roman cap.

"Mr. Drury, Mazarin blue; fancy cap.

"Mr. Davis, ſlate-colour and ſtraw.

"Mr. Routh, pink and ſilver; Spaniſh hat.

"Mr. Curtis, purple; fancy cap.

"Mr. Lloyd, blue; ditto.

"At the concluſion of the ceremony, the Royal family returned to Windſor, and the boys were all ſumptuouſly entertained at the tavern, at Salt Hill. About ſix in the evening all the boys returned in the order of proceſſion, and, marching round the great ſquare at Eton, were diſmiſſed. The Captain then paid his reſpects to the Royal Family, at the Queen's Lodge, Windſor, previous to his departure for King's College, Cambridge, to defray which expenſe the produce of the Montem was preſented to him.

"The day concluded by a brilliant promenade of beauty, rank and fashion, on Windsor Terrace, enlivened by the performance of several bands of music.

"The origin of the procession is from the custom by which the Manor was held.

"The custom of hunting the Ram belonged to Eton College, as well as the custom of Salt, but it was discontinued by Dr. Cook, late Dean of Ely. Now this custom we know to have been entered on the register of the Royal Abbey of Bec, in Normandy, as one belonging to the Manor of East or Great Wrotham, in Norfolk, given by Ralph De Toni to the Abbey of Bec, and was as follows:—"When the harvest was finished, the tenants were to have half an acre of barley, and a ram let loose, and if they caught him, he was their own to make merry with, but if he escaped from them, he was the Lord's. The Etonians, in order to secure the Ram, houghed him in the Irish fashion, and then attacked him with great clubs. The cruelty of this proceeding brought it into disuse, and now it exists no longer.—(*See the Register of the Royal Abbey of Bec, folio* 58.)

"After the dissolution of the alien priories, in 1414, by the Parliament of Leicester, they

remained in the Crown till Henry VI, who gave Wrotham Manor to Eton College; and if the Eton Fellows would ſearch, they would perhaps find the Manor in their poſſeſſion, that was held by the cuſtom of Salt."

MEN.

Alderman Burſal, Father of young Burſal.

Lord John,
Talbot,
Wheeler,
Burſal,
Rory O'Ryan,
} young Gentlemen of Eton, from 17 to 19 years of age.

Mr. Newington, Landlord of the Inn at Salt Hill.
Farmer Hearty.
A Waiter—and Crowd of Eton Lads.

WOMEN.

The Marchioneſs of Piercefield, Mother of Lord John.
Lady Violetta—her Daughter—a Child of ſix or ſeven years old.
Mrs. Talbot.
Louiſa Talbot, her Daughter.
Miſs Burſal, Daughter of the Alderman.
Mrs. Newington, Landlady of the Inn at Salt Hill.
Sally, a Chambermaid.
Patty, a Country Girl.
Pipe and Tabor, and Dance of Peaſants.

ETON MONTEM.

SCENE I.

The Bar of the Windmill Inn, at Salt Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Newington, the Landlord and Landlady.

Landlady. 'TIS an unpoſſibility, Mr. Newington, and that's enough. Say no more about it; 'tis an unpoſſibility in the *natur* of things. (*She ranges jellies, &c. in the Bar.*) And pray, do take your great old faſhioned tankard, Mr. Newington, from among my jellies and confectionaries.

Landlord. (*takes his tankard and drinks*) Any thing for a quiet life. If it is an unpoſſibility, I've no more to ſay; only, for the ſoul of me, I can't ſee the great unpoſſibility, wife.

Landlady. Wife, indeed!—Wife!—wife!—wife every minute.

Landlord. Hey day! Why, what a plague would you have me call you? The other day you quarrelled with me for calling you Mrs. Landlady.

Landlady. To be ſure I did, and very proper in me I ſhould. I've turned off three waiters and five chambermaids already, for ſcreaming after me *Mrs. Landlady! Mrs. Landlady!* But 'tis all your ill manners.

Landlord. Ill manners! Why, if I may be ſo bold, if you are not Mrs. Landlady, in the name of wonder what are you?

Landlady. *Mrs. Newington,* Mr. Newington.

Landlord. (*drinks*) Mrs. Newington, Mr. Newington drinks your health; for, I ſuppoſe, I muſt not be landlord no more in my own houſe. (*ſhrugs*)

Landlady. O, as to that, I have no objections nor impediments to your

being called *Landlord:* you look it and become it—very proper.

Landlord. Why, yes, thank God and my tankard, I do look it, and become it, and am nowiſe aſhamed of it: but every one to their mind, as you, wife, don't fancy the being called Mrs. Landlady.

Landlady. To be ſure I don't. Why, when folks hear the old-faſhioned cry of Mrs. Landlady! Mrs. Landlady! what do they expect, think you, to ſee, but an overgrown, fat, feather-bed of a woman, coming waddling along with her thumbs ſticking on each ſide of her apron, o' this faſhion? Now, to ſee me coming, nobody would take me to be a landlady!

Landlord. Very true, indeed, wife—Mrs. Newington, I mean—I aſk pardon: —but now to go on with what we were ſaying about the unpoſſibility of letting that old lady and the civil-ſpoken young

lady there above, have them there rooms for another day.

Landlady. Now, Mr. Newington, let me hear no more about that old gentlewoman, and that civil-ſpoken young lady. Fair words coſt nothing; and I've a notion that's the cauſe they are ſo plenty with the young lady. Neither o' them, I take it, by what they've ordered ſince their coming into the houſe, are ſuch grand folk, that one need be ſo *petticlar* about them.

Landlord. Why, they came only in a chaiſe and pair, to be ſure; I can't deny that.

Landlady. But, bleſs my ſtars! what ſignifies talking? Don't you know, as well as I do, Mr. Newington, that to-morrow is Eton Montem; and that if we had twenty times as many rooms, and as many more to the back of them, it would not be one too many for all the company we've a right to expect, and

thoſe the higheſt quality o' the land. Nay, what do I talk of to-morrow; isn't my Lady Piercefield and ſuite expected? and moreover, Mr. and Miſs Burſal's to be here, and will call for as much in an hour as your civil-ſpoken young lady in a twelvemonth, I reckon. So, Mr. Newington, if you do'nt think proper to go up, and inform the ladies above, that the Dolphin rooms are not for them, I muſt *ſpeak* myſelf, though 'tis a thing I never do when I can help it.

Landlord. (*aſide*) She not like to ſpeak! (*Aloud*) My dear, you can ſpeak a power better than I can: ſo take it all upon yourſelf, if you pleaſe: for, old-faſhioned as I and my tankard here be, I can't make a ſpeech that borders on the uncivil order to a lady, like, for the life and lungs of me. So, in the name of goodneſs, do you go up, Mrs. Newington.

Landlady. And ſo I will, Mr. Newington. Help ye! Civilities and rarities are out o' ſeaſon for them that can't pay for them in this world, and very proper. [*Exit Landlady.*

Landlord. And very proper! Ha! who comes yonder? The Eton chap, who wheedled me into lending him my beſt hunter laſt year, and was the ruination of him: but that muſt be paid for, wheedle or no wheedle; and, for the matter of wheedling, I'd ſtake this here Mr. Wheeler, that is making up to me, do you ſee, againſt e'er a boy, man, or hobbledehoy, in all Eton, London, or Chriſtendom, let the other be who he will.

Enter Wheeler.

Wheel. A fine day, Mr. Newington.

Landlord. A fine day, Mr. Wheeler.

Wheel. And I hope, for *your* ſake, we may have as fine a day for the Montem to-morrow. It will be a pretty pen-

ny in your pocket! Why, all the world will be here; and (*looking round at the jellies, &c.*) ſo much the better for them; for here are good things enough, and enough for them. And here's the beſt thing of all, the good old tankard ſtill: not empty, I hope.

Landlord. Not empty, I hope. Here's to you, Mr. Wheeler.

Wheel. Mr. Wheeler!—*Captain* Wheeler, if you pleaſe.

Landlord. You Captain Wheeler! —Why, I thought in former times it was always the oldeſt ſcholar at Eton, that was captain at the Montems; and didn't Mr. Talbot come afore you?

Wheel. Not at all; we came on the ſame day—ſome ſay I came firſt—ſome ſay Talbot; ſo the choice of which of us two is to be captain, is to be put to the vote amongſt the lads—moſt votes carry it; and I have moſt votes, I fancy; ſo I ſhall be captain to-morrow;

and a deviliſh deal of *ſalt**, I reckon, I ſhall pocket. Why, the collection at the laſt Montem, they ſay, came to a plump thouſand! No bad thing for a young fellow to ſet out with for Oxford or Cambridge—Hey!

Landlord. And no bad thing, before he ſets out for Cambridge or Oxford, 'twould be for a young gentleman to pay his debts.

Wheel. Debts! O, time enough for that. I've a little account with you for horſes, I know;—but that's between you and I, you know—mum.

Landlord. Mum me no mums, Mr. Wheeler. Between you and I, my beſt hunter has been ruinationed; and I can't afford to be mum. So you'll take no offence if I ſpeak; and as you'll ſet off to-morrow as ſoon as the Montem's

* *Salt*, the *cant* name given by Eton lads to the money collected at Montem.

over, you'll be pleaſed to ſettle it with me ſome way or other to-day, as we've no other time.

Wheeler. No time ſo proper, certainly. Where's the little account?—I have money ſent me for my Montem dreſs, and I can ſqueeze that much out of it. I came over from Eton on purpoſe to ſettle with you.—But as to the hunter, you muſt call upon Talbot—do you underſtand—to pay for him: for, though Talbot and I had him the ſame day, 'twas Talbot did for him, and Talbot muſt pay. I ſpoke to him about it, and charged him to remember you; for I never forget to ſpeak a good word for my friends.

Landlord. So I perceive.

Wheel. I'll make bold juſt to give you my opinion of theſe jellies, whilſt you are getting my account, Mr. Newington.

[*He ſwallows down a jelly or two—Landlord is going—*

Enter Talbot.

Talb. Hollo, landlord! where are you making off ſo faſt. Here, your jellies are all going as faſt as yourſelf.

Wheeler. (*aſide*) Talbot! I wiſh I was a hundred miles off.

Landlord. You are heartily welcome, Mr. Talbot. A good morning to you, Sir: I'm glad to ſee you—very glad to ſee you, Mr. Talbot.

Talb. Then ſhake hands, my honeſt landlord.

[*Talbot, in ſhaking hands with him, puts a purſe into the landlord's hands.*

Landlord. What's here! Guineas!

Talb. The hunter, you know; ſince Wheeler won't pay, I muſt—that's all. —Good morning.

Wheel. (*aſide*) What a fool!

[*Landlord, as Talbot is going, catches hold of his coat.*

Landlord. Hold, Mr. Talbot! this won't do.

Talb. Won't it? Well, then, my watch muſt go.

Landlord. Nay, nay! but you are in ſuch a curſed hurry to pay; you won't hear a man. Half this is enough for your ſhare o' the miſchief, in all conſcience. Mr. Wheeler, there, had the horſe on the ſame day.

Wheel. But Burſal's my witneſs—

Talb. O, ſay no more about witneſſes; a man's conſcience is always his beſt witneſs, or his worſt.—Landlord, take your money; and no more words.

Wheel. This is very genteel of you, Talbot. I always thought you would do the genteel thing, as I knew you to be ſo generous and conſiderate.

Talb. Don't waſte your fine ſpeeches, Wheeler, I adviſe you, this election time. Keep them for Burſal, or Lord John, or ſome of thoſe who like them. They

won't go down with *me*. Good morning to you. I give you notice I'm going back to Eton as faſt as I can gallop; and who knows what plain ſpeaking may do with the Eton lads? I may be captain yet, Wheeler. Have a care! Is my horſe ready, there?

Landlord. Mr. Talbot's horſe, there! Mr. Talbot's horſe, I ſay.

Talbot ſings.

"He carries weight—he rides a race—
"'Tis for a thouſand pound!"

[*Exit Talbot.*

Wheel. And, dear me! I ſhall be left behind. A horſe for me, pray; a horſe for Mr. Wheeler.

[*Exit Wheeler.*

Landlord. (calls very loud) Mr. Talbot's horſe! Hang the hoſtler! I'll ſaddle him myſelf.

[*Exit Landlord.*

SCÈNE.

A Dining-room in the Inn at Salt Hill—Mrs. Talbot and Louiſa.

Louiſa. (*laughing*) With what an air Mrs. Landlady made her exit!

Mrs. Tal. When I was young, they ſay I was proud; but I am humble enough now: theſe petty mortifications do not vex me.

Louiſa. It is well my brother was gone before Mrs. Landlady made her *entrée*; for if he had heard her rude ſpeech, he would have given her, at leaſt, the retort courteous.

Mrs. Tal. Now, tell me honeſtly, my Louiſa——You were, a few days ago, at Burſal Houſe. Since you have left it, and have felt ſomething of the difference, that is made in this world between ſplendour and no ſplendour, have you never regretted, that you did not

ſtay there, and that you did not bear more patiently with Miſs Burſal's little airs?

Louiſa. Never for a moment. At firſt Miſs Burſal paid me a vaſt deal of attention, but, for what reaſon I know not, ſhe ſuddenly changed her manner, grew firſt ſtrangely cold, then condeſcendingly familiar, and at laſt downright rude. I could not gueſs the cauſe of theſe variations.

Mrs. Talb. (aſide). I gueſs the cauſe too well.

Louiſa. But as I perceived the lady was out of tune, I was in haſte to leave her. I ſhould make a very bad, and, I am ſure, a very miſerable toad-eater. I had much rather, if I were obliged to chooſe, earn my own bread, than live as toad-eater with any body.

Mrs. Talb. Fine talking, dear Louiſa!

Louiſa. Don't you believe me to be

in earneſt, mother? To be ſure, you cannot know what I would do, unleſs I were put to the trial.

Mrs. Tal. Nor you either, my dear.

[*She ſighs, and is ſilent.*

Louiſa. (*takes her mother's hand*) What is the matter, dear mother? You uſed to ſay, that ſeeing my brother, always made you feel ten years younger; yet even whilſt he was here, you had, in ſpite of all your efforts to conceal them, theſe ſudden fits of ſadneſs.

Mrs. Tal. The Montem—is not it to-morrow? Aye; but my boy is not ſure of being captain.

Louiſa. No, there is one Wheeler, who, as he ſays, is moſt likely to be choſen captain. He has taken prodigious pains to flatter and win over many to his intereſt. My brother does not ſo much care about it. He is not avaricious.

Mrs. Tal. I love your generous ſpirit and his; but, alas! my dear, peo-

ple may live to want and wiſh for money without being avaricious. I would not ſay a word to Talbot; full of ſpirits, as he was this morning, I would not ſay a word to him, till after the Montem, of what has happened.

Louiſa. And what has happened, dear mother? Sit down, you tremble.

Mrs. Talbot (*ſits down, and puts a letter into Louiſa's hand*). Read that love. A meſſenger brought me that from town a few hours ago.

Louiſa (*reads*). "By an expreſs from Portſmouth, we hear, the Bombay Caſtle Eaſt Indiaman is loſt, with all your fortune on board."—*All!* I hope there is ſomething left for you to live upon.

Mrs. Tal. About 150l. a year for us all.

Louiſa. That is enough, is not it, for *you*,

Mrs. Tal. For me, love? I am an

old woman, and want but little in this world, and ſhall ſoon be out of it.

Louiſa (*kneels down beſide her*). Do not ſpeak ſo, deareſt mother.

Mrs. Tal. Enough for me, love! Yes, enough, and too much for me. I am not thinking of myſelf.

Louiſa. Then, as to my brother, he has ſuch abilities, and ſuch induſtry, he will make a fortune at the bar for himſelf, moſt certainly.

Mrs. Tal. But his education is not completed. How ſhall we provide him with money at Cambridge?

Louiſa. This Montem—the laſt time the Captain had eight hundred—the time before, a thouſand pounds. O, I hope—I fear! Now, indeed, I know, that, without being avaricious, we may want and wiſh for money.

[*Landlady's voice heard behind the Scenes.*

Landlady. Waiter! Miſs Burſal's curricle, and Mr. Burſal's vis-a-vis.—Run, ſee that the Dolphin's empty. I ſay run – run.

Mrs. Talbot. I will reſt, for a few minutes, upon the ſofa, in this bed chamber, before we ſet off.

Louiſa (goes to open the door). They have bolted, or locked it. How unlucky!

[*She turns the key, and tries to unlock the door.*

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Ladies, I'm ſorry—Miſs Burſal and Mr. Burſal are come—juſt coming up ſtairs.

Mrs. T. Then will you be ſo good, ſir, as to unlock this door.

[*Waiter tries to unlock the door.*

Waiter. It muſt be bolted on the inſide. Chambermaid! Sally! Are you within there? Unbolt this door.

[*Mr. Burſal's voice behind the ſcenes.* Let me have a baſin of good ſoup directly.

Waiter. I'll go round, and have the door unbolted immediately, ladies.

[*Exit Waiter.*

Enter Miſs Burſal, in a riding dreſs, and with a long whip.

Miſs Burſ. Thoſe devils, the ponies, have a'moſt pulled my '*and* off.—Who '*ave* we '*ere?* Ha! Mrs. Talbot! Louiſa! '*ow* are ye? I'm ſo vaſtly glad to ſee you:—but I'm ſo ſhocked to '*ear* of the loſs of the Bombay Caſtle. Mrs. Talbot, you look but poorly: but this Montem will put every body in ſpirits. I '*ear* every body's to be '*ere*, and my brother tells me 'twill be the fineſt ever ſeen at *H*'Eton.—Louiſa, my dear, I'm ſorry I've not a ſeat for you in my curricle for to-morrow: but I've promiſed Lady Betty; ſo you know, 'tis impoſſible for me.

Louisa. Certainly; and it would be impossible for me to leave my mother at present.

Chambermaid (*opens the bed-chamber door*). The room's ready, now, ladies.

Mrs. Tal. Miss Bursal—we intrude upon you no longer.

Miss Burf. Nay, why do ye decamp, Mrs. Talbot? I '*ad* a thousand things to say to you, Louisa; but am so tired, and so annoyed——

[*Seats herself—Exeunt Mrs. Talbot, Louisa, and Chambermaid*].

Enter Mr. Burfal with a basin of soup in his hand.

Mr. Burf. Well, thank my stars, the *Airly* Castle is safe in the Downs.

Miss Burf. Mr. Bursal, can you inform me why Joe, my groom, does not make his appearance!

Mr. Burf. (*eating and speaking*) Yes, that I can—child—because he is with his '*orses*, where he ought to be. 'Tis

fit they ſhould be looked after well; for they coſt me a pretty penny—more than their heads are worth, and your's into the bargain: but I was reſolved, as we were to come to this Montem, to come in ſtyle.

Miſs Burſ. In ſtyle, to be ſure; for all the world's to be here—the King, and Prince o'W*h*ales, and Duke o'York, and all the firſt people; and we ſhall cut ſuch a daſh!—Daſh!—Daſh! will be the word to-morrow!—(*playing with her whip*).

Mr. Burſ. (*aſide*) Daſh!—Daſh!—aye, juſt like her brother. He'll pay away, finely, I warrant, by the time he's her age. Well, well, he can afford it; and I do love to ſee my children make a figure for their money. As Jack Burſal ſays, what's money for, if it e'nt to make a figure.—(*Aloud*) There's your brother Jack, now, the extravagant dog, he'll have ſuch a dreſs as never was ſeen, I

ſuppoſe, at this here Montem. Why, now, Jack Burſal ſpends more money at Eton, and has more to ſpend, than my Lord John, though my Lord John's the ſon of a marchioneſs.

Miſs Burſ. O! that makes no difference now a-days. I wonder whether her ladyſhip is to be at this Montem. The only good I *h*ever got out of thoſe ſtupid Talbots was an introduction to their friend, lady Piercefield. What ſhe could find to like in the Talbots, heaven knows. I've a notion ſhe'll drop them, when ſhe hears of the loſs of *the Bombay Caſtle.*

Enter a waiter, with a note.

Waiter. A note from my lady Piercefield, Sir.

Miſs B. Charming woman!—Is ſhe here, pray ſir!

Wait. Juſt come—yes, ma'am.

[*Exit waiter.*

Miſs B. Well, Mr. Burſal, what is it?

Mr. B. (*reads*) "Buſineſs of importance—to communicate—" Hum—What can it be?—(*going*).

Miſs B. (*aſide*) Perhaps ſome match to propoſe for me!—(*Aloud*) Mr. Burſal, pray, before you go to her ladyſhip, do ſend my *ooman* to me to make me *preſentable*.

[*Exit Miſs Burſal at one door.*

Mr. B. (*at the oppoſite door*) "Buſineſs of importance"—Hum! I'm glad I'm prepared with a good baſin of ſoup: there's no doing buſineſs well upon an empty ſtomach. Perhaps the buſineſs is to lend caſh; and I've no great ſtomach for that: but it will be an honour, to be ſure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE.

Landlady's parlour.

Landlady—Mr. Finſbury, a man-milliner, with band-boxes—a fancy cap, or helmet with feathers, in the landlady's hand—a ſatin bag, covered with gold netting, in the man-milliner's hand—a mantle hanging over his arm—a rough-looking farmer is ſitting with his back towards them, eating bread and cheeſe, and reading a newſpaper.

Landlady. Well, this, to be ſure, will be the beſt dreſſed Montem that ever was ſeen at Eton; and you Lon'on gentlemen have the moſt faſhionableſt notions: and this is the moſt eleganteſt fancy cap—

Finſ. Why, as you obſerve, Ma'm, that is the moſt elegant fancy cap of them all. That is Mr. Hector Hogmorton's fancy cap, Ma'm;—and here, Ma'm, is Mr. Saul's rich ſatin bag, covered with gold net. He is college ſalt-bearer, I underſtand, and has a prodigious ſuperb white and gold dreſs.

But, in my humble opinion, Ma'm, the marſhal's white, and purple, and orange fancy dreſs, trimmed with ſilver, will bear the bell; though, indeed, I ſhoudn't ſay that; for the colonel's and lieutenant's, and enſign's, are beautiful in the extreme. And, to be ſure, nothing can be better imagined than Mr. Marlborough's lilac and ſilver, with a Roman cap. And it muſt be allowed, that nothing in nature can have a better effect than Mr. Drake's fleſh-colour and blue, with this Spaniſh hat, Ma'm, you ſee.

[*The farmer looks over his ſhoulder from time to time, during this ſpeech, with contempt.*

Farmer. (*reads the newſpaper*) French fleet at ſea—Hum!

Landlady. O, gemini! Mr. Drake's Spaniſh hat is the ſweeteſt, taſty thing! —Mr. Finſbury, I proteſt——

Mr. Finſ. Why, *ma'm*, I knew a la-

dy of your taſte couldn't but approve of it. My own invention, entirely, ma'm.—But it's nothing to the captain's cap, ma'm. Indeed, ma'm, Mr. Wheeler, the captain that is to be, has the prettieſt taſte in dreſs. To be ſure, his ſandals were my ſuggeſtion; but the mantle he has the entire credit of, to do him juſtice; and, when you ſee it, Ma'm, you will be really ſurprized; for, for contraſt and elegance, and richneſs, and lightneſs, and propriety, and effect, and coſtume, you've never yet ſeen any thing at all to be compared to captain Wheeler's mantle, ma'm.

Farmer. (*to the landlady*) Why now, pray, Mrs. Landlady, how long may it have been the faſhion for milliners to go about in men's clothes?

Landlady. (*aſide to farmer*) Lord, Mr. Hearty, huſh! This is Mr. Finſbury, the great man-milliner.

Farm. The great man-milliner! This

is a ſight I never thought to ſee in Old England.

Finſ. (*packing up band-boxes*) Well ma'm, I'm glad I have your approbation. It has ever been my ſtudy to pleaſe the ladies.

Farm. (*throws a fancy mantle over his frieze coat*) and is this the way to pleaſe the ladies, Mrs. Landlady, now a-days?

Finſ. (*taking off the mantle*) Sir, with your leave—I aſk pardon—but the leaſt thing detriments theſe tender colours; and as you have juſt been eating cheeſe with your hands—

Farm. 'Tis my way to eat cheeſe with my mouth, man.

Finſ. Man!

Farm. I aſk pardon—man-milliner, I mean.

Enter Landlord.

Landlord. Why, wife!

Landlady. Wife!

Landlord. I aſk pardon—Mrs. Newington, I mean.—Do you know who them ladies are, that you have been and turned out of the Dolphin?

Landlady. (*alarmed*) Not I, indeed. Who are they, pray? Why, if they are quality, it's no fault of mine; it is their own fault, for coming like ſcrubs, without four horſes. Why, if quality will travel the road this way, incognito, how can they expect to be known and treated as quality! 'Tis no fault of mine: why didn't you find out ſooner, who they were, Mr. Newington? What elſe, in the 'verſal world, have you to do, but to go baſking about in the yards and places with your tankard in your hand, from morning to night?—What have you elſe to ruminate all day long, but to find out who's who, I ſay!

Farm. Clapper!—clapper!—clapper! like my mill in a high wind, landlord. clapper!—clapper!—clapper!—enough to ſtun a body.

Landlord. That is not uſed to it; —but uſe is all—they ſay.

Landlady. Will you anſwer me, Mr. Newington? Who are the grandees, that were in the Dolphin?—and what's become *on* them?

Landlord. Grandees was your own word, wife. They be not to call grandees; but I reckon you'd be ſorry not to treat 'em civil, when I tell you their name is Talbot—mother and ſiſter to our young Talbot, of Eton, he that paid me ſo handſome for the hunter this very morning.

Landlady. Mercy! is that all? What a combuſtion for nothing in life!

Finſ. For nothing in life, as you ſay, Ma'am, that is, nothing in high life, I'm ſure, Ma'am, nay, I dare a'moſt venture to ſwear: for, would you believe it, Mr. Talbot is one of the few young gentlemen of Eton, that has not beſpoke from me a fancy dreſs for this grand Montem.

Landlady. There, Mr. Newington! there's your Mr. Talbot for you! and there's your grandees! O, truſt me, I know your ſcrubs at firſt ſight.

Landlord. Scrubs, I don't, nor can't, nor won't call them, that pay their debts honeſt.—Scrubs, I don't, nor won't, nor can't call them, that behave as handſome as young Mr. Talbot did here to me this morning, about the hunter. A ſcrub he is not, wife.—Fancy dreſs or no fancy dreſs, Mr. Finſbury, this young gentleman is no ſcrub.

Finſ. Dear me! 'Twas not I ſaid *ſcrub.* Did I ſay ſcrub!

Farm. No matter if you did.

Finſ No matter, certainly: and yet it is a matter; for I'm confident I wouldn't, for the world, leave it in any one's power, to ſay, that I ſaid—that I—called any young gentleman of Eton a *ſcrub.* Why, you know, ſir, it might breed a riot.

Farm. And a pretty figure you'd make in a riot!

Landlady. Pray let me hear nothing about riots in my houſe.

Farm. Nor about ſcrubs.

Finſ. But I beg leave to explain, gentlemen. All I ventured to remark, or ſuggeſt, was, that as there was ſome talk of Mr. Talbot's being captain to-morrow, I didn't conceive how he could well appear without any dreſs. That was all, upon my word and honour.—A good morning to you, gentlemen; it is time for me to be off.—Mrs. Newington, you were ſo obliging, to promiſe to accommodate me with a return chaiſe as far as Eton.

[*Finſbury bows and exit.*

Farm. A good day to you and your bandboxes. There's a fellow for you now! Ha! ha! ha!—A man-milliner, forſooth!

Landlord. Mrs. Talbot's coming—ſtand back.

Landlady. Lord! why does Bob ſhew them through this way?

Enter Mrs. Talbot, leaning on Louiſa, Waiter ſhewing the way.

Landlady. You are going on, I ſuppoſe, Ma'am.

Waiter. (*aſide, to landlord*) Not if ſhe could help it; but there's no beds ſince Mr. Burſal and Miſs Burſal's come.

Landlord. I ſay nothing, for 'tis in vain to ſay more.—But is'nt it a pity ſhe can't ſtay for the Montem, poor old lady! Her ſon—as good and fine a lad as ever you ſaw—they ſay, has a chance, too, of being captain. She may never live to ſee another ſuch a ſight.

[*As Mrs. Talbot walks ſlowly on, the farmer puts himſelf acroſs her way, ſo as to ſtop her ſhort.*

Farm. No offence, madam, I hope; but I have a good ſnug farm-houſe, not far off hand, and if ſo be you'd be ſo good to take a night's lodging, you and the young lady with you, you'd have a

hearty welcome—that's all I can ſay—and you'd make my wife very happy, for ſhe's a good woman, to ſay nothing of myſelf.

Landlord. If I may be ſo bold to put in my word, madam, you'd have as good beds, and be as well lodged with farmer Hearty, as in e'er a houſe at Salt Hill.

Mrs. Talb. I am very much obliged—

Farm. O, ſay nothing o' that, madam; I am ſure I ſhall be as much obliged, if you do come.—Do, miſs, ſpeak for me.

Louiſa. Pray, dear mother——

Farm. She will. (*calls behind the ſcenes*) Here, waiter! hoſtler! driver! what's your name, drive the chaiſe up here to the door, ſmart, cloſe.—Lean on my arm, madam, and we'll have you in and at home in a whiff.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Talbot, Louiſa, Farmer, Landlord, and Waiter.*

Landlady, ſola.

Lord, what a noiſe and a rout this farmer man makes! And my huſband, with his great broad face, bowing, as great a nincompoop as t'other. The folks are all bewitched with the old woman, I verily believe. (*aloud*) A good morning to you, ladies.

End of the firſt Act.

SECOND ACT.

SCENE I.

A field near Eton college—ſeveral boys croſſing backwards and forwards in the back ground—In front, Talbot, Wheeler, Lord John, and Burſal.

Talb. Fair play, Wheeler! Have at 'em, my boy!—There they ſtand, fair game!—There's Burſal there with his *dead* forty-five votes at command; and

Lord John with his—how many live friends ?

Lord J. (*coldly*) Sir, I have fifty-ſix friends, I believe.

Talb. Fifty-ſix friends, his Lordſhip believes—Wheeler incluſive, no doubt.

Lord J. That's as hereafter may be.

Wheel. Hereafter ! O, fie, my *Lud!*—You know your own Wheeler has, from the firſt minute he ever ſaw you, been your faſt friend.

Talb. Your faſt friend from the firſt minute he ever ſaw you, my Lord! That's well hit, Wheeler; ſtick to that; ſtick faſt.—Fifty-ſix friends, Wheeler *in*cluſive, hey, my Lord, hey my *Lud!*

Lord J. Talbot *ex*cluſive, I find, contrary to my expectations.

Talb. Aye, contrary to your expectations, you find that Talbot is not a dog, that will lick the duſt: but then, there's enough of the true ſpaniel breed to be had for whiſtling for, hey Wheeler?

Burſal. (*aſide to Wheeler*) A damn'd bad electioneerer!—So much the better for you, Wheeler. Why, unleſs he bought a vote, he'd never win one, if he talked from this to the day of judgment.

Wheeler. (*aſide, to Burſal*) And as he has no money to buy votes—He! he! he!—we are ſafe enough.

Talb. That's well done, Wheeler; fight the by battle there with Burſal, now you are ſure of the main with Lord John.

Lord J. Sure!—I never made Mr. Wheeler any promiſe yet.

Wheel. O, I aſk no promiſe from his Lordſhip: we are upon honour: I truſt entirely to his Lordſhip's good nature and generoſity, and to his regard for his own family, I having the honour, though diſtantly, to be related.

Lord J. Related!—How, Wheeler?

Wheel. Connected, I mean, which is next door, as I may ſay, to being re-

lated—related ſlipt out by miſtake—I beg pardon, my Lord John.

Lord J. Related!—a ſtrange miſtake, Wheeler.

Talb. Overſhot yourſelf, Wheeler—overſhot yourſelf, by all that's awkward. And yet, till now, I always took you for "*a dead ſhot at a yellow-hammer**."

Wheeler. (*taking Burſal by the arm*) Burſal, a word with you—(*aſide to Burſal*)—What a lump of family pride that Lord John is!

Talb. Keep out of my hearing, Wheeler, leſt I ſhould ſpoil ſport. But never fear, you'll pleaſe Burſal ſooner than I ſhall—I can't, for the ſoul of me, bring myſelf to ſay, that Burſal's not purſe-proud, and you can—Give you joy!—

* Young noblemen, at Oxford, wear yellow tufts at the tops of their caps. Hence their flatterers are ſaid to be dead ſhots at yellow-hammers.

Burſ. A choice electioneerer! Ha! ha! ha!

Wheel. (faintly) He! he! he!—a choice electioneerer, as you ſay—

[*Exeunt Wheeler and Burſal, manent Lord J. and Talbot.*

Lord J. There was a time, Talbot—

Talb. There was a time my Lord—to ſave trouble and a long explanation,—there was a time when you liked Talbots better than ſpaniels—you underſtand me.

Lord J. I have found it very difficult, to underſtand you of late, Mr. Talbot.

Talb. Yes, becauſe you have uſed other people's underſtandings inſtead of your own—Be yourſelf, my lord—See with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears, and then you'll find me ſtill what I've been theſe ſeven years—not your underſtrapper, your hanger on, your flatterer, but—your friend.—If you

chooſe to have me for a friend, here's my hand—I am your friend—and you'll not find a better.

Lord J. (giving his hand) You are a ſtrange fellow, Talbot, I thought I never could have forgiven you for what you ſaid laſt night.

Talb. What?—for I don't keep a regiſter of my ſayings—O, it was ſomething about gaming—Wheeler was flattering your taſte for it, and he put me into a paſſion—I forget what I ſaid—But whatever it was, I'm ſure it was well meant, and, I believe, it was well ſaid.

Lord J. But you laugh at me ſometimes to my face.

Talb. Would you rather I ſhould laugh at you behind your back?

Lord J. But of all things in the world, I hate to be laughed at.—Liſten to me—and don't fumble in your pockets while I am talking to you.

Talb. I'm fumbling for—O here it is—Now, Lord John, I once did laugh

at you behind your back, and what's droll enough, it was *at* your back I laughed—Here's a caricatura I drew of you—I really am ſorry I did it—But 'tis beſt to ſhew it to you myſelf.

Lord J. (aſide) It is all I can do to forgive this—*(after a pauſe he tears the paper)* I have heard of this caricatura before—but I did not expect, that you would come and ſhew it to me yourſelf, Talbot, ſo handſomely—eſpecially at ſuch a time as this—Wheeler might well ſay you are a bad electioneerer.

Talb. O hang it! I forgot my election, and your fifty-ſix friends.

Enter Rory O'Ryan.

Rory. (claps Talbot on the back) Fifty-ſix friends have you, Talbot?—Say ſeven—fifty-ſeven I mean, for I'll lay ye a wager you've forgot me, and that's a ſhame for you too, for out of the whole poſſe-comitatus entirely

now, you have not a ſtauncher friend than poor little Rory O'Ryan—And a good right he has to befriend you, for you ſtood by him, when many, that ought to have known better, were hunting him down for a wild Iriſhman—Now that ſame wild Iriſhman has as much gratitude in him as any tame Engliſhman of them all—But don't let's be talking ſintimint, for, for my ſhare, I'd not give a bogberry a buſhel for ſintimint when I could get any thing better—

Lord J. And pray, ſir, what may a bogberry be?

Rory. Phoo! don't be playing the innocent, now.—Where have you lived all your life (I aſk pardon my Lard) not to know a bogberry when you ſee it, or hear of it *(turns to Talbot.)* But what are ye ſtanding idling here for?—Sure there's Wheeler, and Burſal along with him, canvaſſing out yonder at a terrible

fine rate. And haven't I been huzzaing for you there till I'm hoarſe? ſo I am, and juſt ſtepped away to ſuck an orange for my voice, *(ſucks an orange.)* I am a *thorough-going* friend at any rate.

Talb. Now, Rory, you are the beſt fellow in the world, and a *thorough-going* friend; but have a care, or you'll get yourſelf and me into ſome ſcrape, before you have done with this violent *thorough-going* work.

Rory. Never fear! Never fear, man! —a warm *frind* and a bitter enemy, that's my maxim.

Talb. Yes, but too warm a friend is as bad as a bitter enemy.

Rory. O! never fear me! I'm as cool as a cucumber all the time; and whilſt they *tink* I'm *tinking* of nothing in life but making a noiſe, I make my own little ſnug remarks in proſe and verſe as—now my voice is after coming back to me, you ſhall hear if you *plaſe*.

Talb. I do pleaſe.

Rory. I call it—Rory's ſong.—Now mind I have a verſe for every body, o' the leading lads I mean, and I ſhall put 'em in or *lave* 'em out according to their inclinations and deſerts, *wis-a-wee* to you, my little *frind.* So you comprehend it will be Rory's ſong with variations.

(Talbot and Lord John.) Let's have it—let us have it without farther preface.

Rory ſings.

" I'm true game to the laſt, and no *Wheeler*
" for me,"

Rory. There's a ſtroke in the firſt place for Wheeler, you take it.

Talb. O yes, yes, we take it; go on.

Rory ſings.

" I'm true game to the laſt, and no Wheeler
" for me,
" Of all birds beaſts or fiſhes that ſwim in the
" ſea,
" Webbed, or finned, black or white, man or
" child, Whig or Tory,
" None but Talbot, O, Talbot's the dog for
" Rory."

Talb. *Talbot the dog* is much obliged to you.

Lord J. But if I have any ear, one of your lines is a foot too long, Mr. O'Ryan.

Rory. Phoo, put the beſt foot foremoſt for a *frind.* Slur it in the ſinging, —and don't be quarrelling any how for a foot more or leſs—the more feet the better it will ſtand, you know—Only let me go on, and you'll come to ſomething that will *plaſe* you.

Rory ſings.

" Then there's he with the purſe that's as long
" as my arm."

Rory. That's Burſal, mind now, in this verſe I mean to allude to.

Lord J. If the alluſion's good, we ſhall probably find out your meaning.

Talb. On with you, Rory, and don't read us notes on a ſong.

Lord J. Go on, and let us hear what you ſay of Burſal.

Rory ſings.

" Then there's he with the purſe that's as long
" as my arm,
" His father's a tanner, but then where's the
" harm?
" Heir to houſes and hunters, and horſeponds in
" fee,
" Won't his ſkins ſure ſoon buy him a pedigree."

Lord J. Encore! Encore! why Rory, I did not think you could make ſo good a ſong.

Rory. Sure 'twas none of I made it —'twas Talbot here.

Talb. I!

Rory. (aſide) Not a word—I'll make you a preſent of it, ſure then it's your own.

Talb. I never wrote a word of it.

Rory. (to Lord J.) Phoo! phoo! he's only denying it out of falſe modeſty.

Lord J. Well, no matter who wrote it, ſing it again.

Rory. Be eaſy—So I will, and as many more verſes as you will to the

back of it. *(Winking at Talbot, aſide)* You ſhall have the credit of all. *(Aloud)* Put me in when I'm out, Talbot, and you *(to Lord John)* Join—Join.

(Rory ſings, and Lord John ſings with him)

" Then there's he with the purſe that's as long
" my arm,
" His father's a tanner, but then where's the
" harm?
" Heir to houſes and hunters, and horſeponds in
" fee,
" Won't his ſkins ſure ſoon buy him a pedi-
" gree.

" There's my lord with the back that never was
" bent,"

(Lord John ſtops ſinging—Talbot makes ſigns to Rory to ſtop, but Rory does not ſee him, and ſings on)

" There's my lord with the back that never was
" bent,
" Let him live with his anceſtors, I am content;"

(Rory puſhes Lord J. and Talbot with his elbows)

Rory. Join, join, both of ye—why don't you join *(ſings)*

" Who'll buy my Lord John, the arch fiſhwoman
" cried,
" A nice oyſter ſhut up in a choice ſhell of
" pride."

Rory. But join, or ye ſpoil all.

Talb. You have ſpoiled all indeed.

Lord J. (making a formal low bow) Mr. Talbot, Lord John thanks you.

Rory. Lord John! Blood and thunder! I forgot you were by—quite and clean.

Lord J. (puts him aſide, and continues ſpeaking to Talbot) Lord John thanks you, Mr. Talbot—This is the ſecond part of the caricatura—Lord John thanks you for theſe proofs of friendſhip—Lord John has reaſon to thank you, Mr. Talbot.

Rory. No reaſon in life now—Don't be thanking ſo much for nothing in life, or if you muſt be thanking o'ſomebody, it's me you ought to thank.

Lord J. I ought and do, ſir, for unmaſking one who—

Talb. (warmly) Unmaſking, my lord—

Rory. (holding them aſunder) Phoo! phoo! phoo! be eaſy, can't ye—there's no unmaſking at all in the caſe—My Lord John, Talbot's writing the ſong was all a miſtake.

Lord J. As much a miſtake as your ſinging it, ſir, I preſume—

Rory. Juſt as much—'Twas all a miſtake—So now don't you go and make a miſtake into a miſunderſtanding—It was I made every word of the ſong *out o'the face**—that about the back that never was bent, and the an-

* From beginning to end.

ceſtors and the oyſter and all—He did not write a word of it, upon my conſcience I wrote it all—tho' I'll engage you didn't think I could write ſuch a good thing.

(Lord John turns away)

I'm telling you the truth and not a word of lie, yet you won't believe me.

Lord J. You will excuſe me, ſir, if I cannot believe two contradictory aſſertions within two minutes—Mr. Talbot, I thank you. *(going)*

(Rory tries to ſtop Lord John from going, but cannot—Exit Lord John)

Rory. Well if he *will* go, let him go then, and much good may it do him —Nay, but don't you go too.

Talb. O, Rory, what have you done!

(Talbot runs after Lord J.)

Talb. Hear me, my Lord.

(Exit Talbot)

Rory. Hear him! hear him! hear him!—Well I'm point blank mad with myſelf for making this blunder—but how could I help it?—As ſure as ever I am meaning to do the beſt thing on earth, it turns out the worſt—

(*Enter a party of lads huzzaing*)

Rory (*joins*) Huzza!—Huzza!—Who pray are ye huzzaing for?—

1*ſt Boy*—Wheeler! Wheeler for ever! Huzza—

Rory. Talbot! Talbot for ever! Huzza—Captain Talbot for ever! Huzza.

2*d Boy. Captain* he'll never be, at leaſt not to-morrow, for Lord John has juſt declared for Wheeler.

1*ſt Boy.* And that turns the ſcale.

Rory. O, the ſcale may turn back again.

3*d. Boy.* Impoſſible! Lord John has juſt given his *promiſe* to Wheeler—I heard him with my own ears.

(*Several ſpeak at once*) And I heard him, and I!—and I!—and I!—Huzza! Wheeler for ever.

Rory. Oh murder! murder! murder! (*aſide*) this goes to my heart—It's all my doing—O my poor Talbot! murder! murder! murder!—But I won't let them ſee me caſt down, and it is good to be huzzaing at all events—Huzza for Talbot!—Talbot for ever! Huzza— [*Exit.*

(*Enter Wheeler and Burſal*)

Wheel. Who was that huzzaing for Talbot?

(*Rory behind the ſcenes*, " *Huzza for Talbot!—Talbot for ever! Huzza*)

Bur. Pooh, it is only Rory O'Ryan, or the roaring lion as I call him—Ha! ha! ha! Rory O'Ryan, alias roaring lion—that's a good one—put it about—Rory O'Ryan the roaring lion,

ha! ha! ha!—but you don't take it—you don't laugh, Wheeler.

Wheel. Ha! ha! ha! O, upon my honour I do laugh, ha! ha! ha! (*It is the hardeſt work to laugh at his wit*) Rory O'Ryan the roaring lion, ha! ha! ha!—You know I always laugh, Burſal, at your jokes, he! he! he! ready to kill myſelf.

Burf. (*ſullenly*) You are eaſily killed then, if that much laughing will do the buſineſs.

Wheel. (*coughing*) Juſt then—ſomething—ſtuck in my throat—I beg your pardon.

Burf. (*ſtill ſullen*) O, you need not beg my pardon about the matter—I don't care whether you laugh or no—not I—Now you have got Lord John to declare for you, you are above laughing at my jokes, I ſuppoſe.

Wheel. No; upon my word and honour I *did* laugh.

Burſ. (*aſide*) A fig for your word and honour. (*aloud*) I know I'm of no conſequence now—But you'll remember that if his Lordſhip has the honour of making you Captain, he muſt have the honour to pay for your Captain's accoutrements—for I ſhan't pay the piper, I promiſe you, ſince I'm of no conſequence.

Wheel. Of no conſequence! but my dear Burſal, what could put that into your head—that's the ſtrangeſt, oddeſt fancy—of no conſequence! Burſal of no conſequence! why every body that knows any thing, every body that has ſeen Burſal-houſe, knows that you are of the greateſt conſequence, my dear Burſal.

Burſ. (*taking out his watch, and opening it, looks at it*) No, I'm of no conſequence—I wonder that raſcal Finſbury is not come yet with the dreſſes. (*ſtill looking at his watch*)

Wheel. (*aſide*) If Burſal takes it into his head not to lend me the money to pay for my Captain's dreſs—What will become of me? for I have not a ſhilling—and Lord John won't pay for me—and Finſbury has orders not to leave the houſe, till he is paid by every body—What will become of me? (*bites his nails*)

Burſ. (*aſide*) How I love to make him bite his nails!—(*aloud*) I know I'm of no conſequence—(*ſtrikes his repeater*)

Wheel. What a fine repeater that is of your's, Burſal!—It is the beſt I ever heard.

Burſ. So it well may be, for it coſt a mint of money.

Wheel. No matter to you what any thing coſts—Happy dog as you are! you roll in money—and yet you talk of being of no conſequence.

Burſ. But I am not of half ſo much conſequence as Lord John—am I?

Wheel. Are you? why aren't you twice as rich as he?

Burf. Very true, but I'm not purſe-proud.

Wheel. You purſe-proud! I ſhould never have thought of ſuch a thing.

Burf. Nor I, if Talbot had not uſed the word.

Wheel. But Talbot thinks every body purſe-proud, that has a purſe.

Burf. (*aſide*) Well, this Wheeler does put one into a good humour with one's ſelf in ſpite of one's teeth. (*aloud*) Talbot ſays blunt things, but I don't think he's what you can call clever—Hey, Wheeler?

Wheel. Clever! O, not he.

Burf. I think I could walk round him.

Wheel. To be ſure you could—Why, do you know I've *quizzed* him famouſly myſelf within this quarter of an hour.

Burſ. Indeed!—I wiſh I had been by.

Wheel. So do I faith—It was the beſt thing—I wanted, you ſee, to get him out of my way, that I might have the field clear for electioneering to day.—So I bowls up to him with a long face—ſuch a face as this—Mr. Talbot, do you know—I'm ſorry to tell you, here's Jack Smith has juſt brought the news from Salt Hill—Your mother in getting into the carriage, ſlipt and has *broke* her leg, and there ſhe's lying at a farm-houſe, two miles off—Is not it true, Jack? ſaid I—I ſaw the farmer helping her in with my own eyes, cried Jack—Off goes Talbot like an arrow.—*Quizzed* him by G—, ſaid I.

Burſ. Ha! ha! ha! quizzed him by G—, with all his cleverneſs—that was famouſly done.

Wheel. Ha! ha! ha! with all his cleverneſs he will be all evening

hunting for the farm-houſe and the mother that has *broke* her leg—So he is out of our way.

Burſ. But what need have you to want him out of your way, now Lord John has come over to your ſide—you have the thing ſo dead.

Wheel. Not ſo dead neither—for there's a great independent party, you know, and if *you* don't help me, Burſal, to canvaſs them, I ſhall be no Captain—It is you I depend upon after all—Will you come and canvaſs them with me?—Dear Burſal pray—All depends upon you.

(*Pulls him by the arm—Burſal follows*)

Burſ. Well, if all depends upon me, I'll ſee what I can do for you (*aſide*) Then I am of ſome conſequence—money makes a man of ſome conſequence, I ſee—with ſome folk. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

In the back ſcene a flock of ſheep are ſeen penned. In front, a party of country lads and laſſes gaily dreſſed, as in ſheep-ſhearing time, with ribands and garlands of flowers, &c. are dancing and ſinging. *

* * * * *

* The young reader is requeſted to inſert here any ſong ſuitable to the occaſion. The author tried to write one; but, as ſhe could not write one that pleaſed herſelf, ſhe omitted it.

Enter Patty, dreſſed as the Queen of the feſtival—She has a lamb in her arms—The dancers break off when ſhe comes in; and one exclaims——

1*ſt Peaſant.* O, here comes Patty! Here comes the queen o' the day—What has kept you from us ſo long, Patty?

2*d Peaſ. Pleaſe your Majeſty*, you ſhould ſay.

Patty. This poor little lamb of mine was what kept me ſo long. It ſtrayed away from the reſt; and I ſhould have loſt him, ſo I ſhould, for ever, if it had not been for a good young gentleman. —Yonder he is, talking to farmer Hearty.—That's the young gentleman, who pulled my lamb out of a ditch for me, into which he had fallen—Pretty creature!

1*ſt Peaſ.* Pretty creature, or your Majeſty, which ever you chooſe to be called—come and dance with them, and I'll carry your lamb.

[*Exeunt, ſinging and dancing.*

Enter farmer Hearty and Talbot.

Farm. Why, young gentleman, I'm glad I happened to light upon you here, and ſo to hinder you from going farther aſtray, and to ſet your heart at eaſe, like.

Talb. Thanks, good farmer; you have ſet my heart at eaſe, indeed: but the truth is, they did frighten me confoundedly. More fool I.

Farm. No fool at all, to my notion. I ſhould, at your age, aye, or at my age, juſt the ſelf ſame way, have been frighted myſelf, if ſo be that mention had been made to me, that way, of my own mother's having broke her leg, or ſo.—And greater, by a great deal, the ſhame for them that frighted you, than for you to be frighted.—How young gentlemen, now, can bring themſelves for to like to tell ſuch lies, is to me, now, a matter of amazement, like, that I can't get over, no ways.

Talb. O, farmer, ſuch lies are very witty, though you and I don't juſt now like the wit of them. This is fun, this is *quizzing*: but you don't know what we young gentlemen mean by *quizzing*.

Farm. Aye, but I do, though, to my coſt, ever ſince laſt year. Look you, now, at yon fine field of wheat.—Well, it was juſt as fine, and finer, laſt year, till a young Eton jackanapes—

Talb. Take care what you ſay, farmer; for *I* am a young Eton jackanapes.

Farm. No, but you be not the young Eton jackanapes, that I'm a thinking on. —I tell you, it was this time laſt year, man; he was a horſeback, I tell ye, mounted upon a fine bay hunter, out o' hunting, like.

Talb. I tell you, it was this time laſt year, man, that I was mounted upon a fine bay hunter, out a hunting.

Farm. Zooks! would you argufy a man out of his wits? You won't go for to tell me, that you are that impertinent little jackanapes.

Talb. No! no! I'll not tell you, that I am an impertinent little jackanapes.

Farm. (*wiping his forehead*) Well, don't then, for I can't believe it; and you put me out. Where was I?

Talb. Mounted upon a fine bay hunter!

Farm. Aye, ſo he was. Here, *you*, ſays he, meaning me—open this gate for me.—Now, if he had but a ſpoke me fair, I would not have gainſayed him; but he falls to ſwearing; ſo I bid him open the gate for himſelf.—"There's a bull behind you, farmer," ſays he—I turns—"*Quizzed* him, by G—," cries my jackanapes; and off he gallops him, through the very thick of my corn: but he got a fall leaping the ditch, out yonder, which pacified me, like, at the minute. So I goes up to ſee whether he was killed; but he was not a whit the worſe for his tumble. So I ſhould ha' fell into a paſſion with him then, to be ſure, about my corn, but his horſe had got ſuch a terrible ſprain, I couldn't ſay any thing to him, for I was a pitying the poor animal. As fine a hunter as

ever you ſaw! I am *sartain* ſure he could never come to good after.

Talbot. (*aſide*) I *do* think, from the deſcription, that this was Wheeler: and I have paid for the horſe, which he ſpoiled! (*Aloud*) Should you know either the man or the horſe again, if you were to ſee them, farmer?

Farm. Aye, that I ſhould, to my dying day.

Talb. Will you come with me, then, and you'll do me ſome guineas worth of ſervice.

Farm. Aye, that I will, with a deal of pleaſure; for you be a civil ſpoken young gentleman, and, beſides, I don't think the worſe *on* you for being *frighted* a little about your mother; being what I might ha' been at your age, myſelf; for I had a mother myſelf once. So, lead on, maſter. [*Exeunt.*

End of the ſecond Act.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Garden of the Windmill Inn, at Salt Hill.

Miſs Burſal, Mrs. Newington, Sally the chambermaid.

[*Miſs Burſal, very much dreſſed, is ſitting on a garden ſtool, and leans her head againſt the landlady, as if fainting—Sally holds a glaſs of water and a ſmelling-bottle.*

Miſs B. Where am I? Where am I?

Landlady. At the Windmill at Salt Hill, young lady; and ill or well you can't be better.

Sally. Do you find yourſelf better ſince coming into the air, miſs?

Miſs B. Better! Oh, I ſhall never be better.

[*Leans her head on her hand, and rocks herſelf backwards and forwards.*

Landlady. My dear young lady, don't take on ſo. (*Aſide*) Now would I give ſomewhat to know what it was my lady Piercefield ſaid to the father, and what the father ſaid to this one, and what's the matter at the bottom of affairs.—Sally, did you hear any thing at the doors?

Sally. (*aſide*) No, indeed, ma'am; I never *be's* at the doors.

Landlady. (*aſide*) Simpleton!—(*Aloud*) But, my dear Miſs Burſal—if I may be ſo bold—if you'd only diſembo ſom your mind of what's on it—

Miſs B. Diſembo ſom my mind! Nonſenſe! I've nothing on my mind. Pray, leave me, madam.

Landlady. (*aſide*) Madam, indeed! —Madam, forſooth! O, I'll make her pay for that. That *madam* ſhall go down in the bill, as ſure as my name's Newington.

Landlady. Well, I wiſh you better,

ma'am. I ſuppoſe I'd beſt ſend your own ſervant?

Miſs B. (*ſullenly*) Yes, I ſuppoſe ſo.—(*to Sally*)—You need not wait, child, nor look ſo curious.

Sally. Cur'ous! Indeed, miſs, if I look a little *cur'ous*, or ſo, (*looking at her dreſs*) 'tis only becauſe I was *frighted* to ſee you take on, which made me forget my clean apron, when I came out; and this apron—

Miſs B. Huſh! huſh! child:—Don't tell me about clean aprons, nor run on with your vulgar talk. Is there ever a ſeat one can ſet on in that *h*arbour yonder?

Sally. Oh, dear '*art*, yes, Miſs, 'tis the pleaſanteſt *h*arbour on *h*earth. Be pleaſed to lean on my *h*arm, and you'll ſoon be there.

Miſs B. (*going*) Then tell my woman ſhe need not come to me, and let nobody *interude* on me—do ye '*ear?*

(Aſide) O, what will become of me! And the Talbots will ſoon know it!—And the ponies, and the curricle, and the vis-a-vis—what will become of them? and how ſhall I make my appearance at the Montem, or any *ware* elſe?

SCENE II.

Lord John—Wheeler—Burſal.

Wheel. Well, but my lord—Well, but Burſal—though my lady Piercefield—though Miſs Burſal is come to Salt Hill, you won't leave us all at ſixes and ſevens. What can we do without you?

L. J. You can do very well without *me.*

Burſ. You can do very well without *me.*

Wheel. (*to Burſ.*) Impoſſible!—impoſſible! you know Mr. Finſbury

will be here juſt now, with the dreſſes; and we have to try them on.

Burſ. And to pay for them.

Wheel. And to ſettle about the proceſſion.—And then, my lord, the election is to come on this evening; you won't go till that's over, as your lordſhip has *promiſed* me your lordſhip's vote and intereſt.

Lord J. My vote I promiſed you, Mr. Wheeler; but I ſaid not a ſyllable about my *intereſt*. My friends, perhaps, have not been offended, though I have, by Mr. Talbot. I ſhall leave them to their own inclinations.

Burſal, (*whiſtling*) Wheugh! wheugh! wheugh!—Wheeler, the principal's nothing without the intereſt.

Wheel. O, the intereſt will go along with the principal, of courſe; for, I'm perſuaded, if my lord leaves his friends to their inclinations, it will be the inclination of my lord's friends to vote as

he does, if he says nothing to them to the contrary.

Lord J. I told you, Mr. Wheeler, that I should leave them to themselves.

Burf. (*still whistling*) Well, I'll do my best to make that father of mine send me off to Oxford. I'm sure I'm fit to go—along with Wheeler. Why, you'd best be my tutor, Wheeler!—a devilish good thought.

Wheel. An excellent thought!

Burf. And a cursed fine dust we should kick up at Oxford with your Montem money and all!—Money's *the go*, after all. I wish it was come to my making you my last bow, "ye distant spires, ye *antic* towers!"

Wheel. (*aside to Lord J.*) Ye *antic* towers!—fit for Oxford, my lord!

Lord J. Antique towers, I suppose, Mr. Bursal means.

Burf. Antique, to be sure! I said antique, did not I, Wheeler?

Wheel. O, yes.

Lord J. (*aſide*) What a mean animal is this!

Enter Rory o'Ryan.

Rory. Why, now, what's become of Talbot, I want to know? There he is not to be found any where in the wide world; and there's a hullaboloo amongſt his friends for him.

(*Wheeler and Burſal wink at one another.*)

Wheel. We know nothing of him.

Lord J. I have not the honour, ſir, to be one of Mr. Talbot's friends. It is his own fault, and I am ſorry for it.

Rory. Faith, ſo am I, eſpecially as it is mine—fault I mean—and eſpecially as the election is juſt going to come on.

Enter a party of boys, who cry, Finſbury's come—Finſbury's come with the dreſſes.

Wheel. Finſbury's come! O, let us ſee the dreſſes, and let us try 'em on to-night.

Burſ. (*puſhing the crowd*) On with ye—On with ye, there!—Let's try 'em on!—Try 'em on—I'm to be colonel.

1ſt boy. And I lieutenant.

2d boy. And I enſign.

3d boy. And I college ſalt-bearer.

4th boy. And I oppident.

5th boy. O, what a pity I'm in mourning!

Several ſpeak at once. And we are ſervitors—we are to be the eight ſervitors.

Wheel. And I am to be your captain, I hope. Come on, my colonel—(*to Burſal*). My lord, you are coming.

Rorʒ. By and by—I've a word in his ear, by your lave and his.

Burſ. Why, what the devil ſtops the way, there?—Puſh on—On with them.

6th boy. I'm marſhal.

Burſ. On with ye—on with ye—who cares what you are?

Wheeler. (*to Burſal, aſide*) You'll pay Finſbury for me, you rich jew?—

(*to Lord John*) Your lordſhip will remember your lordſhip's promiſe.

Lord J. I do not uſually forget my promiſes, ſir; and therefore need not to be reminded of them.

Wheel. I beg pardon—I beg ten thouſand pardons, my lord.

Burſ. (*taking him by the arm*) Come on, man, and don't ſtand begging pardon there, or I'll leave you.

Wheel. (*to Burſ.*) I beg pardon, Burſal—I beg pardon, ten thouſand times. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lord John and Rory O'Ryan.

Rory. Wheugh!—Now, put the caſe, if I was going to be hanged, for the life of me, I could'nt be after begging ſo many pardons for nothing at all. But many men, many minds.—(*Hums*) True game to the laſt! No Wheeler for me. O, murder! I forgot I was nigh letting the cat out o' the bag again.

Lord J. You had ſomething to ſay to

me, sir? I wait till your recollection returns.

Rory. Faith, and that's very kind of you; and if you had always done so, you would never have been offended with me, my lord.

Lord J. You are mistaken, Mr. O'Ryan, if you think, that you did or could offend me.

Rory. Mistaken I was, then, sure enough: but we are all liable to mistakes, and should forget and forgive one another—that's the way to go through the world.

Lord J. You will go through the world your own way, Mr. O'Ryan, and allow me to go through it my way.

Rory. Very fair—fair enough—then we shan't cross.—But now, to come to the point—I don't like to be making disagreeable retrospects, if I could any way avoid it; nor to be going about the bush, especially at this time a-day, when, as Mr. Finsbury's come, we've not so much

time as we had, to loſe. Is it true, then, my lord, the report that is going about this hour paſt, that you have gone in a huff, and given your promiſe there to that ſneaking Wheeler, to vote for him, now?

Lord J. In anſwer to your queſtion, ſir, I am to inform you, that I *have* promiſed Mr. Wheeler to vote for him.

Rory. In a huff?—Aye, now, there it is!—Well, when a man's *mad*, to be ſure, he's mad—and that's all that can be ſaid about it. And I know, if I had been *mad* myſelf, I might have done a fooliſh thing as well as another. But now, my lord, that you are not mad—

Lord J. I proteſt, ſir, I cannot underſtand you. In one word, ſir, I'm neither mad nor a fool.—Your moſt obedient. (*going angrily*)

Rory. (*holding him*) Take care, now, you are going mad with me again.—But, phoo! I like ye the better for being mad. I'm very often mad myſelf, and

would not give a potatoe for one that had never been mad in his life.

Lord J. (*aſide*) He'll not be quiet, till he makes me knock him down.

Rory. Agh! agh! agh! I begin to gueſs whereabouts I am at laſt—*Mad*, in your country, I take it, means fit for Bedlam; but with us in Ireland, now, 'tis no ſuch thing. It means nothing in life but the being in a paſſion.—Well, one comfort is, my lord, as you're a bit of a ſcholar, we have the latin proverb in our favour, "*Ira furor brevis eſt.*" Anger's ſhort madneſs.—The ſhorter the better, I think. So, my lord, to put an end to whatever of the kind you may have felt towards poor Talbot, I'll aſſure you he's as innocent o' that unfortunate ſong as the babe unborn.

Lord J. It is rather late for Mr. Talbot to make apologies to me.

Rory. He make apologies! Not he, faith: he'd ſend me to Coventry, or,

may be, to a worſe place, did he but know I was condeſcending to make this bit of an explanation, unknown to him. But, upon my conſcience, I've a regard for ye both, and don't like to ſee you go together by the ears.—Now, look you, my lord—by this book, and all the books that ever were ſhut and opened, he never ſaw or heard of that unlucky ſong of mine, till I came out with it this morning.

Lord J. But you told me this morning, that it was he wrote it.

Rory. For that I take ſhame to myſelf, as it turned out; but it was only a *white* lie to ſarve a friend, and make him cut a daſh with a new ſong at election time. But I've done for ever with white lies.

Lord J. (*walking about as if agitated*) I wiſh you had never begun with them, Mr. O'Ryan. This may be a good joke to you; but it is none to me or Talbot.—So Talbot never wrote a word of the ſong?

Rory. Not a word, or ſyllable, good or bad.

Lord J. And I have given my promiſe, to vote againſt him. He'll loſe his election!

Rory Not if you'll give me leave to ſpeak to your friends, in your name.

Lord J. I have promiſed to leave them to themſelves, and Wheeler, I am ſure, has engaged them by this time.

Rory. Bleſs my body! I'll not ſtay prating here then. [*Exit Rory.*

Lord J. (*follows*) But what can have become of Talbot? I have been too haſty for once in my life.—Well, I ſhall ſuffer for it more than any body elſe; for I love Talbot, ſince he did not make the ſong, of which I hate to think.

[*Exit*

SCENE.

A large Hall in Eton College—A Stair-caſe at the End—Eton Lads dreſſed in their Montem Dreſſes in back Scene—In front, Wheeler (dreſſed as Captain) Burſal, and Finſbury.

Finſ. I give you infinite credit, Mr. Wheeler, for this dreſs.

Burſ. Infinite credit! Why, he'll have no objection to that, hey, Wheeler? —But I thought Finſbury knew you too well, to give you credit for any thing.

Finſ. You are pleaſed to be pleaſant, ſir. Mr. Wheeler knows, in that ſenſe of the word, it is out of my power to give him credit, and I'm ſure he would not aſk it.

Wheeler. (*aſide*) O, Burſal, pay him; and I'll pay you to-morrow.

Burſ. Now, if you weren't to be captain after all, Wheeler, what a pretty figure you'd cut. Ha! ha! ha!—Hey?

Wheel. O, I am as ſure of being captain, as of being alive.—(*aſide*) Do pay for me, now—there's a good dear fellow, before *they* (*looking back*) come up.

Burſ. (*aſide*) I love to make him lick the duſt.—(*aloud*) Hollo! Here's Finſbury waiting to be paid, lads.—(*to the lads who are in the back ſcene*)—Who has paid, and who has not paid, I, ſay?

The lads come forward, and ſeveral exclaim at once

I've paid! I've paid!

Enter Lord John and Rory O'Ryan.

Rory. O, King of Glory, how fine we are! Why, now, to look at ye all, one might fancy one's ſelf at the play-houſe at once, or at a fancy ball in dear little Dublin.—Come, ſtrike up a dance.

Burſ. Pſhaw! Wherever you come Rory O'Ryan, no one elſe can be heard.

Who has paid, and who has not paid, I ſay?

Several boys exclaim, We've all paid.

1ſt boy. I've not paid, but here's my money.

Several boys. We have not paid, but here's our money.

6th boy. Order, there! I am marſhal. All that have paid, march off to the ſtair-caſe, and take your ſeats there, one by one.—March.

[*As they march by, one by one, ſo as to diſplay their dreſſes, Mr. Finſbury bows, and ſays,*

A thouſand thanks, gentlemen—Thank you, gentlemen—Thanks, gentlemen.—The fineſt ſight ever I ſaw out of Lon'on.

Rory, as each lad paſſes, catches his arm, Are you a Talbot*ite*, or a Wheeler-*ite?*—To each who anſwers *A Wheeler-ite*, Rory replies, "Phoo—dance off, then"—*Go to the devil and ſhake your-*

*ſelf**.——Each who anſwers *A Talbot-ite,* Rory ſhakes by the hand violently, ſinging,

"Talbot, O Talbot's the dog for Rory."

When they have almoſt all paſſed, Lord John ſays, But where can Mr. Talbot be all this time?

Burſ. Who knows? Who cares?

Wheel. A pretty electioneerer!—(*aſide to Burſal*) Finſbury's waiting to be paid.

Lord J. You don't wait for me, Mr. Finſbury. You know I have ſettled with you.

Finſ. Yes, my lord—yes. Many thanks; and I have left your lordſhip's dreſs here, and every body's dreſs, I believe, as beſpoke.

Burſ. Here Finſbury's the money for Wheeler, who, between you and I, is as poor as a rat.

Wheeler. (*affecting to laugh*) Well,

* This is the name of a country dance.

I hope I ſhall be as rich as a jew to-morrow.

[*Burſal counts money in an oſtentatious manner into Finſbury's hand.*

Finſ. A thouſand thanks for all favours.

Rory. You'll be kind enough, to *lave* Mr. Talbot's dreſs with me, Mr. Finſbury; for I'm a friend.

Finſ. Indubitably, ſir; but the misfortune is—he! he! ha!—Mr. Talbot, ſir, has beſpoke no dreſs.—Your ſervant, gentlemen. [*Exit Finſbury.*

Burſ. So your friend, Mr. Talbot, could not afford to beſpeak a dreſs.—(*Burſal and Wheeler laugh inſolently*) How comes that, I wonder?

Lord J. If I'm not miſtaken, here comes Talbot, to anſwer for himſelf.

Rory. But who, in the name of St. Patrick, has he along with him?

Enter Talbot and Landlord.

Talb. Come in along with us, farmer Hearty—Come in.

(*Whilſt the farmer comes in, the boys, who were ſitting on the ſtairs, riſe and exclaim—*

Whom have we here? what now? come down, lads, here's more fun.

Rory. What's here, Talbot?

Talb. An honeſt farmer, and a good natured landlord, who *would* come here along with me to ſpeak—

Farm. (interrupting) To ſpeak the truth *(ſtrikes his ſtick on the ground)*

Landlord. (unbuttoning his waiſt-coat) But I am ſo hot—ſo ſhort winded, that *(panting and puffing)* that for the ſoul and body of me, I cannot ſay what I have got for to ſay.

Rory. Faith now the more ſhort winded a ſtory the better, to my fancy.

Burf. Wheeler, what's the matter, man? you look as if your under jaw was broke!

Farm. The matter is, young gentlemen, that there was once upon a time a fine bay hunter.

Wheel. (ſqueezing up to Talbot aſide) Don't expoſe me, dont let him tell—(*to the Farmer*) I'll pay for the corn I ſpoiled. (*to the landlord*) I'll pay for the horſe.

Farm. I does not want to be paid for my corn—the ſhort of it is, young gentlemen, this 'un here in the fine thing'embobs (*pointing to Wheeler*) is a ſhabby fellow—he went and ſpoiled farmer Newington's beſt hunter.

Land. (*panting*) Ruinationed him, ruinationed him.

Rory. But was that all the ſhabbineſs? now I might, or any of us might have had ſuch an accident as that—I ſuppoſe he paid the gentleman for the horſe—or will do ſo in good time.

Land. (*holding his ſides*) O that I had but a little breath in this body o'mine to ſay all—ſpeak on farmer.

Farm. (*ſtriking his ſtick on the floor*) Oons, ſir, when a man's put out, he can't go on with his ſtory.

Omnes. Be quiet, Rory—huſh.

(*Rory puts his finger on his lips*)

Farm. Why, ſir, I was a'going to tell you the ſhabbineſs—Why, ſir, he did not pay landlord here for the horſe, but he goes and ſays to the landlord here—" Mr. " Talbot had your horſe on the ſelf ſame " day, 'twas he did the damage, 'tis from " he you muſt get your money"—So Mr. Talbot here, who is another gueſs ſort of a gentleman, (though he has not ſo fine a coat) would not ſee a man at a loſs, that could not afford it, and not knowing which of 'em it was that ſpoiled the horſe, goes, when he finds the other would not pay a farthing, and pays all.

Rory. (*rubbing his hands*) There's Talbot for ye.—And now gentlemen (*to Wheeler and Burſal*) you gueſs the

raſon, as Ido, I ſuppoſe, why he beſpoke no dreſs—he had not money enough to be fine—and honeſt too—You are very fine, Mr. Wheeler, to do you juſtice.

Lord J. Pray, Mr. O'Ryan, let the farmer go on—he has more to ſay—How did you find out pray, my good friend, that it was not Talbot, who ſpoiled the horſe—Speak loud enough, to be heard by every body.

Farm. Aye that I will—I ſay (*very loudly*) I ſay I ſaw *him* there (*pointing to Wheeler*) take the jump which ſtrained the horſe—and I'm ready to ſwear to it—Yet he let another pay—there's the ſhabbineſs.

(*A general groan from all the lads*
---Oh ſhabby Wheeler, ſhabby!
I'll not vote for ſhabby Wheeler)

Lord J. (*aſide*) Alas, I muſt vote for him.

Rory (ſings)

" True game to the laſt, no Wheeler for me.
" Talbot! O, Talbot's the dog for me."

(*Several voices join the chorus*)

Burſ. Wheeler, if you are not choſen captain, you muſt ſee and pay me for the dreſs.

Wheel. I'm as poor as a rat.

Rory. O yes! O yes! hear ye! hear ye all manner of men---The election is now going to begin forthwith in the big field, and Rory O'Ryan holds the poll for Talbot---Talbot for ever, huzza!

(*Exit Rory followed by the boys who exclaim---Talbot for ever huzza---the landlord and farmer join them.*

Lord J. Talbot, I'm glad you *are*, what I always thought you---I'm glad you did not write that odious ſong---I would not loſe ſuch a friend for all the ſongs in the world---Forgive me for my haſtineſs this

morning—I've punished myself---I've promised to vote for Wheeler.

Talb. O, no matter whom you vote for, my lord, if you are still my friend, and if you know me to be yours.

(*They shake hands*)

Lord J. I must not say, "*Huzza for Talbot.*" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

Windsor Terrace.

Lady Piercefield—Mrs Talbot—Louisa—and a little girl of six years old, Lady Violetta, daughter to Lady Piercefield.

Violetta. (*looking at a paper, which Louisa holds*) I like it *very* much.

Lady P. What is it that you like *very* much, Violetta?

Violet. You are not to know *yet*, mamma—it is—I may tell her that—it is a little drawing, that Louisa is doing for me—Louisa, I wish you would let me shew it to mamma.

Louiſa. And welcome, my dear, it is only a ſketch* of *The little Merchants*, a ſtory which Violetta was reading, and ſhe aſked me to try to draw the picture of the little merchants for her.

(*Whilſt Lady P. looks at the drawing, Violetta ſays to Louiſa*)

But are you in earneſt, Louiſa, about what you were ſaying to me juſt now? quite in earneſt?

Louiſa. Yes in earneſt—quite in earneſt, my dear.

Violet. And may I aſk mamma *now?*

Louiſa. If you pleaſe, my dear.

Violet. (*runs to her mother*) Stoop down to me, mamma, I've ſomething to whiſper to you.

(*Lady Piercefield ſtoops down, Violetta throws her arms round her mother's neck.*)

* The frontiſpiece for the Little Merchants, which was deſigned by a young lady, unluckily was not finiſhed in time to appear along with the ſtory—It is inſerted in this place that it might not be loſt.

Violet. (aſide to her mother) Mamma, do you know—you know you want a governeſs for me.

Lady P. Yes, if I could find a good one.

Violet. (*aloud*) Stoop again, mamma, I've more to whiſper. (*aſide to her mother*) *She* ſays ſhe will be my governeſs, if you pleaſe.

Lady P. She!—who is *ſhe?*

Violet. Louiſa.

Lady P. (*patting Violetta's cheek*) You are a little fool—Miſs Talbot is only playing with you.

Violet. No indeed, mamma, ſhe is in earneſt, are not you, Louiſa?—O, ſay yes.

Louiſa. Yes.

Violet. (*claps her hands*) *Yes*, mamma, you hear *yes.*

Louiſa. If Lady Piercefield will truſt you to my care—I am perſuaded, that I ſhould be much happier as your governeſs, my good little Violetta, than as an humble dependant of Miſs Burſal's. (*aſide to*

her mother) You ſee, that, now I am put to the trial, I keep to my reſolution, dear mother.

Mrs. T. Your ladyſhip would not be ſurpriſed at this offer of my Louiſa's, if you had heard, as we have done within theſe few hours, of the loſs of the Eaſt India ſhip in which almoſt, our whole property was embarked.

Louiſa. The Bombay Caſtle is wrecked.

Lady P. The *Bombay* Caſtle! I have the pleaſure to tell you, that you are miſinformed—It was the *Airly* Caſtle that was wrecked.

Louiſa and Mrs. T. Indeed!

Lady P. Yes—You may depend upon it—It was the *Airly* Caſtle, that was loſt—You know I am juſt come from Portſmouth, where I went to meet my brother, Governor Morton, who came home with the laſt India fleet, and from whom I had the intelligence.

(*Here Violetta interrupts, to aſk her mother for her noſegay—Lady P. gives it to her, and then goes on ſpeaking.*)

Lady P. They were in ſuch haſte, fooliſh people! to carry their news to London, that they miſtook one caſtle for another—But do you know, that Mr. Burſal loſes fifty thouſand pounds, it is ſaid, by the *Airly Caſtle*.—When I told him ſhe was loſt, I thought he would have dropped down—however I found he comforted himſelf afterwards with a bottle of burgundy—but poor Miſs Burſal has been in hyſterics ever ſince.

Mrs. T. Poor girl!—My Louiſa, *you* did not fall into hyſterics, when I told you of the loſs of our whole fortune.

(*Violetta during this dialogue has been ſeated on the ground making up a noſegay.*)

Violet. (*aſide*) Fall into hyſterics! what are hyſterics, I wonder.

Louiſa. Miſs Burſal is much to be pitied, for the loſs of wealth will be the loſs of happineſs to her.

Lady P. It is to be hoped, that this loſs may at leaſt check the fooliſh pride and extravagance of young Burſal, who, as my ſon tells me——

(*A cry of "Huzza!—Huzza." behind the ſcenes.*

Enter Lord John.

Lord J. (*haſtily*) How d'ye do mother?—Miſs Talbot, I give you joy—

Lady P. Take breath, take breath.

Louiſa. Is my brother—

Mrs. T. Here he is?—Hark—Hark!

(*A cry behind the ſcenes of "Talbot and truth for ever! Huzza!"*)

Louiſa. They are chairing him.

Lord J. Yes, they are chairing him, and he has been choſen for his honour-

able conduct, not for his electioneering ſkill, for, to do him juſtice, Coriolanus himſelf was not a worſe electioneerer.

Enter Rory O'Ryan and another Eton lad carrying Talbot in a chair, followed by a crowd of Eton lads.

Rory. By your *lave*, my lord—By your *lave*, ladies.

Omnes. (*Huzza! Talbot and truth for ever Huzza!*)

Talb. Set me down! there's my mother!—there's my ſiſter!

Rory. Eaſy, eaſy—Set him down! —No ſuch *ting*! give him t'other huzza! there's nothing like a good loud huzza in this world—Yes faith there is, for as my Lord John ſaid juſt now, out of ſome book or his own head,

" One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-
" weighs
" Of ſtupid ſtarers and of loud huzzas."

(*Curtain falls.*)

THE END.

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